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Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

Bertram Anderson,

MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE AND MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

SO many persons named Anderson have been men of mark between the Tyne and the Tweed that it is hardly possible to classify them with due regard to consanguinity and chronological order. Their relationships and inter-marriages puzzled Surtees, and defied the genealogical skill of Sir Cuthbert Sharp. Generally they belonged to one or other of the two great divisions of the family—the Haswell line, or that of Newcastle, Jesmond, and Bradley. In these two main branches the names of Bertram, Henry, and Francis are recurrent. But there was a contemporaneous family of Andersons in Newcastle, in which the name of Robert is most frequent. They married into the Jesmond line, and it is difficult at times to distinguish the one from the other.

The first Anderson that appears in the public life of Northumberland is Henry, who was alderman, Sheriff, and several times Mayor of Newcastle in the reign of Henry VIII. Bertram Anderson, whose name heads this sketch, was his son, and was born somewhere in the teens of the 16th century. Of his birth there is no existing record, nor of his education, his boyhood, or his youth. He married Alice, daughter of Ralph Carr, of Newcastle and Coken, by Isabel —, a lady who, after Ralph Carr's death, became successively the wife of John Hilton and John Franklin, and was locally a notable personage. The name of Bertram Anderson (and

there is little doubt of his identity with Bertram, son of Henry) is found in a muster roll of the inhabitants of Newcastle, dated the 27th March, 1539, as that of a responsible householder, capable of providing for the King's service himself and a servant armed with "two jacks, two sallets, a bow, and a halbert." At that time he was residing in the third ward of Alderman Gilbert Middleton, which there is reason to believe was Carliol Tower ward, and included the east side of Pilgrim Street within the Gate from Austin Chare, and without the Gate up what is now Northumberland Street as far as the Magdalene Hospital.

Henry Anderson had been Mayor of Newcastle three times, and M.P. once, when Bertram, in 1543, was elected to the Shrievalty. His year of office was an important one. The King gave the Corporation the Monastery of the Dominicans, or Black Friars, near the Westgate; and he sent them a great army to feed as it marched north to another invasion of Scotland. They appreciated the one, and were at their wit's end how to deal with the other; for it was a time of scarcity, and the ships they had sent to the South for grain had been restrained and kept back to meet the royal needs, which were quite as great in that part of the country as in the North. The Sheriff, being the King's officer and representative, had, we may be sure, an unpleasant hour with Lord Hertford and Ralph Sadler when they found the town, as they expressed it, "utterly disfurnished and unprovided."

From the Shrievalty of Newcastle to the Mayor's chair

was usually but a step when the occupant belonged to one of the great ruling families. Bertram Anderson waited seven years, and then, in 1551, with Edward VI. on the throne, and John Knox thundering from Tyneside pulpits, he was elected head of the municipality, and Governor of the Merchants' Company. Two years later he was sent to represent Newcastle in Parliament—the Parliament that annexed Gateshead to Newcastle. It was dissolved in the same month (March) that it assembled, and, in May, Bertram Anderson obtained a grant from the King of all the coal mines within the fields of Elswick for twenty-one years. He had only a few months before purchased the wardship of Thomas Swinburne, aged six, son and heir of William Swinburne, of Capheaton, who had property all over the county of Northumberland.

Queen Mary came to the throne in July, and to the Parliament which sat from the 5th October to the 5th December Bertram Anderson was not sent. The elections were greatly influenced by the Court, and probably the late member was considered too much attached to the policy which Mary's advisers intended to subvert. By the next year, however, this distrust, if it ever existed, had passed away. There were, as usual, two Parliaments—one in the spring and the other in the autumn—and Bertram Anderson was elected to both. The first of them repealed the legislation of the previous year, dissolved the tie which bound Gateshead to Newcastle, and restored to the Bishopric of Durham its ancient possessions. The second did nothing of special interest to Newcastle, and after it was dissolved Bertram Anderson stayed at home, looked after his property, and no doubt assisted in preparing that scheme for the better government of the town which was sanctioned by the Privy Council in June, 1557. The new plan came into operation at Michaelmas, and he was the first Mayor elected under its provisions. Within a few weeks after he entered upon this, his second Mayoralty, he was elected for the fourth time member of Parliament, and went up to Westminster to attend to his duties with the crowning disaster of the loss of Calais ringing in his ears. Soon afterwards he lost his venerable father, and before the year ran out the unhappy reign of Queen Mary was terminated by death, and an entirely new era began to dawn.

One of the first acts of Elizabeth's reign was the sending of the Duke of Norfolk to reside in Newcastle as the Queen's Lieutenant. His Grace took up his abode in the Queen's Manor—the ancient house of the Augustines or Austin Friars—and began to set things in order. There is a letter of his to Cecil, dated Feb. 23, 1559-60, in which he reports that he has conferred with Bertram Anderson, who engaged that by a given time six ships of the port—four of 110 tons and two of 120 tons—could be placed at their disposal in the Frith of Forth. In May following,

Anderson was himself writing to Cecil, as one of the aldermen, complaining of an infringement of the town's customs and privileges by the inhabitants of Hartlepool. He had not been returned to Elizabeth's first Parliament, but was sent to her second, which met in January, 1562-63, and was not dissolved until the beginning of the year 1566-67. At Michaelmas in the former year (1563), the electors re-appointed him to the Mayoralty, and he then occupied the proud position of being for the third time Mayor of, and for the fifth time M.P. for, his native town.

A curious incident occurred about this time in connection with Bertram Anderson's household. Isabel Richardson had been a servant in the Anderson establishment, and Christabel Braidfurth had slandered her. Whereupon Isabel brought Christabel before the Ecclesiastical Court at Durham. From the evidence adduced, it appeared that Braidfurth told a neighbour that Isabel "did steal wood forth of Mr. Bertram Anderson's, and also beef and bread, that her hands were bound behind her back in Mr. Anderson's parlour and the keys taken from her, and her coffer searched by Mr. Anderson's servants and her own husband; there was one pair of 'crooks' of Mrs. Anderson found, and beef, bread, and wool in the loft; and ever, when a miller came to the town, followed him up and down while she were drunken, and had no delight upon her husband; and that she left her left-foot shoe upon Mr. Anderson's back yard when she climbed over the wall for such intents," and so on and so on.

In 1566, Bertram Anderson sold Milburn Grange, near Ponteland, to John Horsley, and the same year he lost his brother-in-law, Oswald Chapman (Mayor of Newcastle, 1558), and was assigned a place of trust in his will. He also entertained the Duke of Chatelherault (James Hamilton), passing through the realm with fourteen horses and a passport from the Duke of Bedford, and enabled the fugitive Earl of Morton to escape into Flanders in one of his ships.

Members of Parliament were paid for their services in the old times, and the accounts of the Corporation contain various entries of the sums paid to Bertram Anderson. There is one dated October, 1568—"Paid to Mr. Bartram Anderson for the rest of his parliament money which he was behynd of the last year, as appears by the ful of the accompt the last yeare, 8l."

Two years later the Bishop of Durham granted him a lease for twenty-one years, at an annual rent of £30, of the coal mines on Cross Moor, in the parish of Whickham. By this time he had acquired large possessions. He owned Haswell and Ouston, was lessee of the coal mines of Elswick and Cross Moor, held jointly with Sir Robert Brandling the fee simple of all the lands belonging to the dissolved nunnery of Newcastle, had shares in ships, a "great house in the Close," other house property

in both town and country, and large stores of merchandise belonging to his business as a merchant adventurer, in various warehouses, cellars, &c., in different parts of the town. His brothers and sisters were married into the wealthy local families of Mitford, Chapman, Thomlinson, Fenwick, and Dent, while his father had been Mayor, and one of his brothers Sheriff. He himself had been Sheriff, three times Mayor, and five times M.P. for Newcastle, and was possibly the person named in "Nicholson's Border Laws" as Bertram Anderson of Burroden, one of the Overseers of the Watch from the Tyne to Hartford Bridge, and a Commissioner of Enclosures upon the Middle Marches. All the honours that his fellow-townsmen could bestow upon him, all the riches that successful trading wins, were his; he had become one of the most popular and one of the most opulent citizens of his time. In the midst of it all—in the prime of life—he was smitten down by death. Before the year 1570 had run its course he was making his will, and shortly afterwards, probably in February, 1570-71, he was laid beside his wife and his father in St. Nicholas's Church.

Francis Anderson.

THE STORY OF THE FISH AND THE RING.

Francis Anderson was the second son of Henry Anderson, before named, and a brother of Bertram Anderson. He appears in the muster-roll of 1539, in the fourth ward of Alderman Gilbert Middleton. This fourth ward was assigned to Pilgrim Street Gate, and began in "the great waste barn," opposite the Magdalene Hospital (the Haymarket), and came down the west side of Pilgrim Street to All Hallows' Pant, near the south stile of All Hallows' Church. It included the Painter Heugh, the Nether Dean Bridge, the north end of the Upper Dean Bridge from Lort Burn to Pilgrim Street, and went along Grey Friar Lane to Ficket Tower (west of the Grey Monument). He is entered as capable of providing for his Majesty's service himself and a servant armed with two sallets, a bow, and a halbert. It was intended that, like his father and brother, he should take a prominent part in public life, and in 1560 he was appointed Sheriff of Newcastle. His father died the year before, and left him "the house at the Bridge-end, which he now dwelleth in," and (to pay the out-rent thereof) "the house that Henry Gray dwelleth in at the White Cross," together with £100 in money, a nest of white goblets, a dozen silver spoons with forks, and "my best gilt salts." He married Elizabeth Lomley, and was evidently on the high road to further honours when he died. The date of his death cannot be ascertained, but it appears that he was living in 1568, for in July that year William Wealand, of Gateshead, quarryman, made his will, and in an inventory of his debtors is a sum of £4 11s. 2d. due from "Francis Anderson, for grindstones." That he died before 1571 is evident from the will of his brother Ber-

tram, of that date, in which occurs a legacy of £10 to Elizabeth, "widow of my brother Francis."

Within these few lines would lie all that is known of Francis Anderson, but for the circumstance that he may have been the hero of the Newcastle version of the remarkable tale known as "The Fish and the Ring," which is thus told by historians:—

"A citizen of Newcastle (whose name I take to be Mr. Anderson), talking with a friend of his upon Newcastle Bridge, and fingering his ring, before he was aware, let it fall into the river, and was much troubled at the loss of it, till by a fish caught in the river that loss was repaired, and his ring restored to him."—From "Vox Piscis." London, 1627.



"There was a strange accident upon the bridge happened to an alderman of Newcastle, looking over the bridge into the river, with his hands over; his gould ring fell off his finger into the water; which was given for lost. It chanced that one of his servants bought a salmon in the market, opening the belly of the fish, found his master's ring in the guts."—Gray's "Chorographia." Newcastle, 1649.

"We have a story goes in this town of Newcastle, said to be of great antiquity, concerning one of our aldermen, whose ring dropt off his finger into the Tyne, as he was looking over the bridge. A maid bought a fish the day after, and opening the guts of it, there found her master's ring, which the fish had swallowed, and sundry families pretend to this day to show us this ring, out of an emulation of antiquity."—"Life of Ambrose Barnes." About 1716.

"After you come from the gateway of the magazine there is an open on the bridge on either side. Over the one of these it was that surprising accident happened to Mr. Anderson, a merchant and alderman of this town. . . . This gentleman was Mayor of Newcastle, and was ancestor of the present Mr. Abraham Anderson, merchant on the Sandhill. The said Francis Anderson made his estate to his son Henry Anderson, who was the father of the said Abraham's grandfather."—Bourne's "History of Newcastle," 1736.

The ring, lent by the Rev. W. P. Anderson, of Winsford Rectory, Dulverton, a descendant of the family, was exhibited at a meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries in August, 1834. It is a cornelian signet, bearing figures of Hope and Abundance, and seems to be a Roman antique, dating from the close of the second century of our era. Inside the ring, which is of plain gold, are the letters "F.A.," with a fish between. Our engraving is taken, by permission, from the Proceedings of the Newcastle Antiquaries. A similar engraving appears in Brand's "History of Newcastle," vol. ii., p. 47.

These are the different accounts of the Newcastle incident, for the story itself is very old, dating back to the time of King Solomon. It will be seen that the "accident" happened at the Newcastle end of the bridge to an alderman named Francis Anderson. Bourne states that he was Mayor; but Brand, in telling the story, quotes a parchment account of it, dated 1559, which seems to fix it upon the Francis Anderson whose bio-

graphy we have recorded, and who, as we know from his father's will, was living at the Bridge-end at that time.

Sir Francis Anderson,

THE ARDENT ROYALIST.

Roger, son of Francis Anderson, married on the 14th April, 1612, and lost a few months afterwards, Anne, daughter of William Jackson. For his second wife he took, January 20, 1613-14, Jane, daughter of William Bower, of Oxen-le-Field. By this second marriage he had a son and heir, who, in the week preceding Christmas, 1614, received in baptism, at St Nicholas's Church, Newcastle, his grandfather's name of Francis. The child was peculiarly unfortunate. Before he was ten years of age he had lost successively his mother, father, and grandfather, and was left, with three or four sisters younger than himself, to be brought up by his relatives. All the Andersons were well-to-do people, and the estates of the father and grandfather left the orphans well furnished for their entrance into the cares and responsibilities of life. When Francis arrived at man's estate, he came into possession of his father's coal mines and the manor of Jesmond, while Robert Anderson, whose relationship is not very clearly made out, settled upon him the estate of Bradley, in the parish of Ryton. It would appear that the fine mansion built upon the site of the Grey Friars' Monastery in Newcastle by another Anderson in 1580 was his also. Whether this last-named property came to him at the same time, and through the same donor, as Bradley, or whether it was a later acquisition, is not in evidence. It is, however, abundantly clear that the attainment of his majority placed him in a position of affluence, and, being a man of property, he went, like Tennyson's Northern Farmer, "where money is" for a wife. On the 19th May, 1636, he was united to Jane, daughter and heiress of John Dent, of Barnard Castle.

It the times had been favourable, the early career of Francis Anderson might have been prosperous to himself and beneficial to the community. Unfortunately, he entered public life in his native town at a most unhappy period. Civil war was impending, and Newcastle, being on the borderland, so to speak, between the two kingdoms, was divided more sharply than many other towns into factions—sympathisers with English prelacy struggling for supremacy with the adherents of Scottish Presbyterianism. Three years after his marriage, the two parties fought their battle at the Michaelmas election, and the Puritans won. It was a Puritan Mayor who received Leslie and his Covenanters the following August, when, flushed by the victory of Newburn, they marched without hindrance into Newcastle. We do not meet with the name of Francis Anderson in connection with this disaster or the humiliation which followed. He was only a young burgess of five-and-twenty, and the tedious

dealings, for nearly twelve months, with the Scots in Newcastle, would be conducted by older and perhaps wiser heads than his. It is known from his after life that he was an ardent Royalist, and, therefore, he could have been no idle spectator of the misfortune which had overtaken his party. He would, without doubt, assist in reversing the municipal defeat of the previous year, and participate in the victory, for on Michaelmas Monday, 1640, although the Scots were in possession of the town, the Royalist electors carried their nominee, Sir Nicholas Cole, into the mayoralty, and gave him a Sheriff of like opinions, in the person of Francis Liddell. The following year they re-elected Cole, and bestowed the shrievalty upon the lord of Jesmond and Bradley. King Charles, returning in November from an abortive mission of peace to Scotland, received his loyal friends at Newcastle, and no doubt approved their choice of Sheriff, for not long afterwards he made the holder of that office one of his too numerous knights—Sir Francis Anderson.

The rest of the kingdom was not so devoted to the Royal cause as Newcastle. Victory after victory came to the arms of Parliament, and in August, 1644, Newcastle was besieged and taken. Sir Francis Anderson's stately house became the headquarters of the Scottish commander. There the committees of both kingdoms met, and there in his own home they confiscated his collieries and those of other leading Royalists for the benefit of Parliament and the pay of the army. There, too, when all the fighting was over, Charles I. was kept for nine months a prisoner, holding conferences on Episcopacy with that grim presbyter Alexander Henderson, making unsuccessful efforts to escape, and conducting fruitless negotiations with his conquerors. Meanwhile, the unfortunate owner of the mansion, deprived of his knighthood, was endeavouring to compound for his "delinquencies," and to preserve some portion of his sequestered estate. In the "Journals of the House of Commons," under date July 13, 1647, appears this resolution:—

That this House doth accept the sum of £1,200 of Francis Anderson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esquire, for a fine for his delinquency. His offence is that he was in arms against the Parliament. He rendered in November, 1645. His estate in fee per annum is £480; £46 per annum for fourteen years; £60 per annum for three lives; £400 per annum for eight years; £170 per annum in reversion; a personal estate to the value of £130, out of which allowance is to be made for £60 per annum issuing for one life; £60 per annum for ever; for £400 charged on the lands in fee; and £3,600 debt, which is charged upon the collieries. An ordinance for granting a pardon unto Francis Anderson, of, &c., for his delinquency and for discharge of the sequestration of his estate, was this day read, and, upon the question, passed; and ordered to be sent into the Lords for their concurrence.

Nothing more is heard of Francis Anderson until the Restoration. On the 11th April, 1660, there was an election in Newcastle, and Robert Ellison and William Calverley were sent to represent the town in the Healing or Convention Parliament, which on May Day in that

year voted for the return of Charles II. At the end of June, Mr. Calverley obtained leave of absence from the House, came to Newcastle, and died, and on the 25th July was buried in St. Nicholas's. In the following month (29th), Sir Francis Anderson, restored to his former dignity, was elected as Calverley's successor. The books of the Corporation of Newcastle contain an entry of the payment made for his services:—"1661. May.—Paid Sir Francis Anderson's sallarie for being Parliament man, for the towne off Newcastle, 128 dayes the last Parliament, at 13s. 4d. per day, is £35 6s. 8d." Just before that sum was handed over, there had been an election to Charles II.'s first regularly convoked Parliament, and Sir Francis was again returned, with Sir John Marley as his colleague. The Merchants' Company, anxious to do him honour, admitted him as a brother, although his right to that privilege had lapsed by the neglect of his father. In the books of the company appears the following special entry recording his admission, and the reason for it:—

1661. Sept. 25.—Whereas Francis Anderson, Knight, one of the Burgesses for this present Parliament who (though he is the grandchild of Francis Anderson, Esquire, Alderman of the Town, a free brother of this Society), through his father's omission, neglected to take his freedom of this fellowship, he was rendered incapable thereof, and the Company, taking into consideration that the said Sir Francis Anderson had descended from such worthy progenitors (some of whom had been Governors of this Society), and having experienced the endeavours and readiness of the said Sir Francis to maintain the privileges of the said Company, that in testimony of the greatest respects they were able to express to him, did admit him and his son, Mr. Robert Anderson (not there personally) to their absolute freedom of the said fellowship. Admitted accordingly.

At Michaelmas, 1662, Sir Francis was re-appointed Mayor, on which occasion there seems to have been a contest between him and Sir John Marley. In a letter from Edward Arden, steward of the bishopric, to Myles Stapleton, Bishop Cosin's secretary, it is stated that "Sir Francis Anderson is elected Mayor of Newcastle, which Sir John Marley was unwilling to; they sat up all night, and Sir Francis carried it." Before he went out of office as Mayor, he received his "sallarie" as M.P. again:—"Paid the right worshipping Mr. Maior for his servis in Parliament, 156 daies, £104." It does not appear that he distinguished himself in the House of Commons. A glance at the journals of the House does not reveal his name very often. He was, apparently, detained in the North a good deal, looking after his extensive collieries, and engaged in framing the complicated regulations by which the Hostmen of Newcastle (he was governor of the company in 1676) sought to make the coal trade profitable. He was also entering into speculations, for on the 9th September, 1665, he obtained a lease for 1,000 years from the Mayor and Burgesses of Newcastle of "all that parcel of ground within the territories of Winlington (Winlaton), between high and low water mark, in length from east to west 1,274 yards, and in

breadth from low water mark 120 yards, with liberty to build keys and cast ballast, upon paying 2d. per ton for all ballast cast thereon." Laxity of attendance in Parliament was not a special fault of his. It had become so common that, in 1668, an effort was made to put a stop to it. A call of the House was taken, and 54 members, absent without leave, were fined £40 each, of which number 25, including Sir Francis, were able to give a satisfactory excuse and obtain remission.

For some reason or other, Sir Francis Anderson found it convenient about this time to dispose of a part of his landed estate. His lands in Jesmond were sold in 1669 to William Coulson. In 1675-76, when he was Mayor for the second time, and entertained Sir F. North in a memorable trip down the river, he sold his spacious house and grounds, in the heart of Newcastle, to Sir William Blackett, and became thenceforward identified with the estate of Bradley. Local history, recording his loyalty and his sufferings, invariably styles him "Sir Francis Anderson, of Bradley, Knight."

The Parliament to which Sir Francis was elected in 1661, known as the "Pensionary Parliament," lasted till January, 1678-79. At the General Election in February that year he was again returned, with Sir William Blackett (who, in 1673, had succeeded Sir John Marley) as his colleague. This was a very short Parliament. It met on the 6th March, and, not being sufficiently pliable to the royal will, was dissolved on the 12th July. Within a week of its dissolution, Sir Francis Anderson was overtaken by death. On the 19th July, 1679, he was buried in his parish church at Ryton, near his wife, who had been taken from him six years earlier. His estate came to his son Henry, whose daughter Jane carried it by marriage into the Newcastle family of Simpson, and they in turn to the Liddells of Ravensworth.

"The memory of the loyal Francis," writes Surtees, fresh from the perusal of Bourne, "seems to have been held in high veneration by his descendants, and when John Simpson and Jane, his wife, commemorate the virtuous endowments of their eldest son, Anderson, they add that he was 'so called as being a descendant of the worthy and loyal family of the Andersons of Braidley, who suffered so much in the time of the civil wars in defence of their king and country.'"

Van Amburgh.



MUCH of our readers as can look back through the comparatively long vista of fifty years can scarcely fail to remember the visit to the North of England of the great lion-tamer, Van Amburgh. His appearance in any town or village along the great North Road called forth the inhabitants in mass to behold the splendid show, the hero

of the day driving a superb team of ten beautiful cream-coloured and piebald horses, harnessed two abreast, restraining and guiding the motions of these fiery steeds as easily as though he had only been driving a pair of ladies' ponies, and followed by some twenty light caravans, picked out splendidly with green and gold, and drawn likewise by handsome horses, harnessed in furniture ornamented with silver. They will recollect the crowds that flocked to the marquee, as soon as it was pitched and thrown open, to see this wonderful man go into the den of lions, there to brave the fury of the king of beasts. There they would see in the centre a huge cage containing a majestic-looking lion and lioness, a royal Bengal tiger, a black tiger, and a couple of panthers, all moving about restlessly, as is their wont in captivity, when not asleep, until Van Amburgh, dressed in a suit of silk fleshings, with a scarf and shirt of pale blue satin, would bound into the cage. Here is how we find the scene described in Sheldon's "History of Berwick"—

Holding his whip four feet from the ground, Van Amburgh advances, keeping his face to the brutes, and beckons the savage tiger to advance. The beast obeys, and leaps over the slight barrier, followed in succession by all the others, except the old lion, who lies looking at his keeper. Van Amburgh calls loudly to him, but he still does not move; then the intrepid tamer cuts at him smartly with his whip, and with a roar like a peal of cannon, and a bound that shakes the cage and freezes the blood of the lookers-on, the huge monster flies over the whip. A hoop is produced, and one after another the beasts leap through it. The lion charmer now throws them on the ground, and lies down with them in a variety of attitudes. Now is he beneath the pile of beasts; now is he *à tête-à-tête* with the savage Bengal tiger; now he pillows his head on the mane of the lioness, the pards and lion crouching by him; and now he leaps on his feet, and stands on the prostrate beasts triumphantly, asserting the sovereignty and dominion of imperious man over the animals of the earth, while a thunder of applause showers around him. Now with a word he compels the savage black tiger to rise upon his hind feet, and wrestle with him—no mock encounter. The horrid fangs of the beast are gleaming hideously above the light and delicate form of its human antagonist! And now, amid a shudder from all around, he places his head in the monstrous mouth of the beast. One cranch, and—but no—though the tiger rolls his eyes like coals of fire, he makes no motion; the majesty of man has completely cowed him, and he suffers his daring antagonist to withdraw his head in safety, when, with one snap of his terrible jaws, he could have shivered his skull like a crystal goblet. Gradually retreating to the wicket, still keeping his eye upon and facing them, after a few more orders, he suddenly throws open the gate and leaps out backward, fastening the wicket with the rapidity of lightning. Well that he does so; now that they are relieved from the fascination of the human eye, they regain fierceness; and with a heavy roar, and bound on the wicket bars, which makes the stout iron rods bend like willow wands, they open their cavernous jaws and hoarsely roar. The monstrous tiger glares on the assemblage, and leaps round the cage in vindictive rage; whilst the others growl, and move savagely about in all the fury of native wildness.

Van Amburgh's visit to the North took place in the months of June and July, 1843, and the throng of country people into Newcastle, Sunderland, South Shields, North Shields, Blyth, Morpeth, Alnwick, Berwick, and other

towns, to see the marvellous show, exceeded all precedent.

The best account we have seen of Van Amburgh's life and acts was published in the year 1839, by Ephraim Watts, a merchant in New York, who derived his information partly from the lion-tamer himself, and partly from his family. From it we learn that Isaac Van Amburgh was born in July, 1811, in a little village in Dutchess County, in the State of Kentucky. Vorboys Van Amburgh, our hero's grandfather, was a Tuscarora Indian; his proper name was Tangborgon d'Oom, which, in his native language, signifies "Great King of the Woods." He took the other name from a settler in Kentucky, so called, whose life he had saved in the bush, where he had been attacked by two jaguars. The grateful Dutchman invited him to Kentucky, where he eventually settled, was baptized, and married.

Young Van Amburgh despised all the ordinary amusements of boys of his age, and only insects, wasps, flies, maybugs, and other such creatures seemed to take his fancy. When he grew bigger, he turned his attention to tiny four-footed beasts, making the mice and rats in the storerooms of the neighbours his friends and subjects. He ere long became the most fearless rider in the whole country round, and the wildest horses in Kentucky were brought to him to break in. By the time that he was twelve years old, he could make an independent living in this way; but he was not by any means satisfied with it. In his leisure hours he wandered about the woods in Kentucky, and tried his hand at taming wolves, foxes, ferrets, hyænas, wild swine, buffaloes, and wild bulls. Not only did he tame a good number, but he gained a perfect mastery over them, and established what might be termed a true forest police. If the beasts in the neighbouring woods had carried off a lamb or a fowl, the person who had lost it would apply to Van Amburgh, and beg that he would either punish or capture the evil-doer. The unanimous testimony of the people in the vicinity set this fact beyond all doubt. They declared that Van Amburgh very often found the beast that had committed the robbery, and brought the stolen goose, turkey, or lamb back to the owner entire. He was really the comptroller-general of the wild beasts.

Ere long Van Amburgh took service under a man named Titus, who owned the largest and finest menagerie that was then to be found, not only in America, but in the whole world. Titus's journeys, particularly at night by torchlight, furnished a remarkable sight. His menagerie filled sixty waggons, and the singular hooting, screaming, howling, and growling of the beasts formed altogether a concert that filled the hearts of those who met it with fear. Van Amburgh soon distinguished himself with Titus. The head keeper had just lately died of wounds inflicted by a lioness whom he had been trying to drive out of one cage into another. Two other keepers, who had been helping him, were likewise hurt.

Van Amburgh engaged to tame the savage creature, and went alone into the cage, armed only with an iron bar. Three days later, the public saw a thing done that had never been done before, when the marvellous man actually ventured his head into the mouth of the lioness, which he had in that short time been able to tame, though she was one of the fiercest of her kind.

At the close of the year 1838, Titus sent Van Amburgh to England with a part of his menagerie. Shortly after his arrival he was engaged by the proprietors of Astley's Circus for £300 sterling per week, and there he now showed himself, surrounded by his lions and tigers, which humbly lay at his feet and obeyed his slightest nod. The crowds that went to see him were immense. He was introduced into aristocratic companies, and treated with the greatest honour. The most distinguished men in London sent him invitations, and conversed with him on the art of taming wild beasts; and he gained considerable sums through giving young men of the highest rank instructions in that art. All the English and French journals of the day mentioned a proposal which he made to the proprietors of Vauxhall, to go up in the great Nassau balloon with his favourite tiger, and to come down from it by means of a parachute. But the London magistrates forbade this comedy, on the ground of the immense concourse of spectators it would have brought together, and the danger in which Mr. Green, who was to be the travelling companion of Van Amburgh and his tiger, would have run in that voyage through the air.

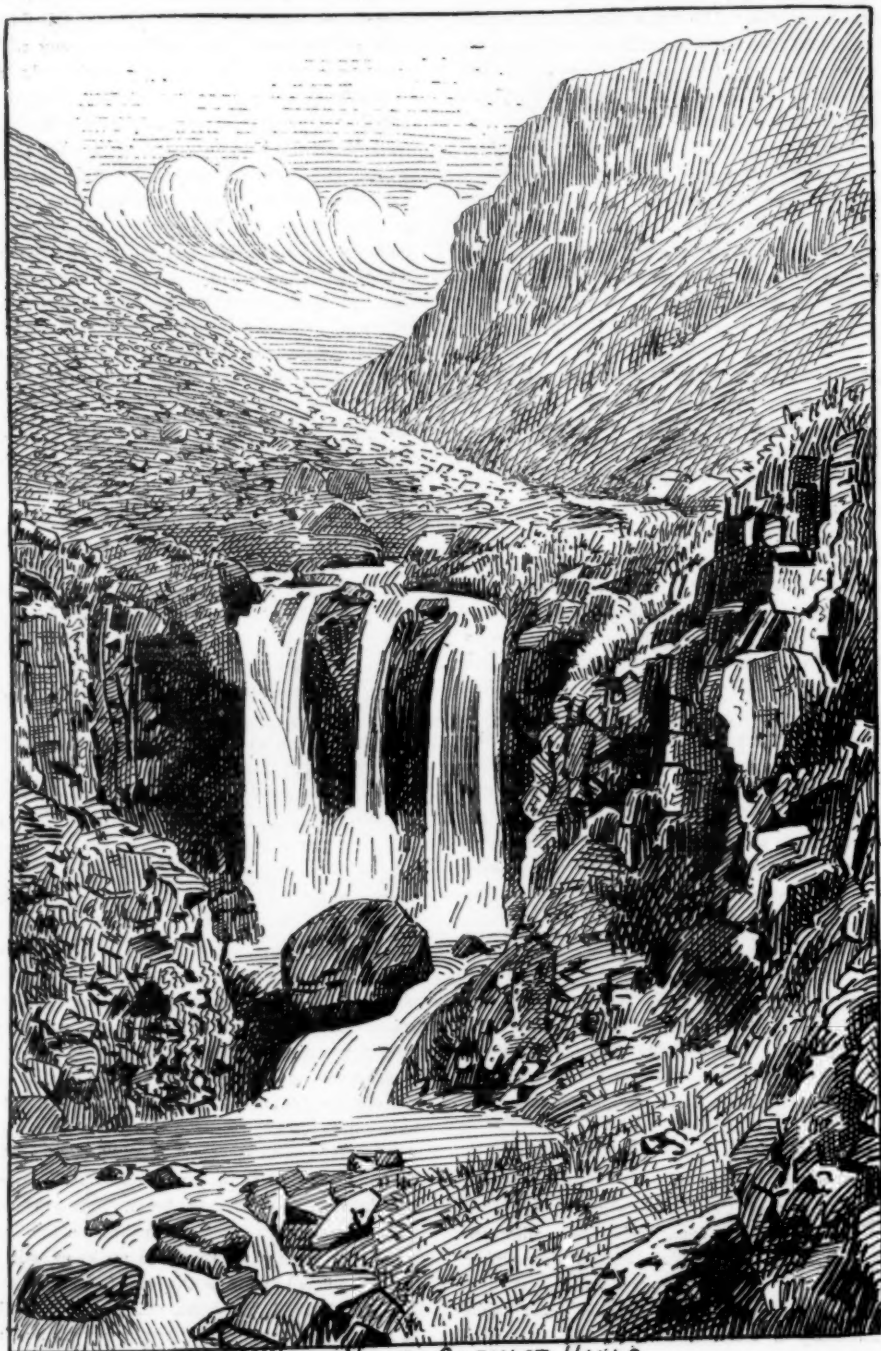
Sir Edwin Landseer was commissioned by the Duke of Wellington, the victor in many a well-fought field, to paint a large picture of "Van Amburgh and the Lions," which was afterwards engraved, and met with a wide sale. When in Paris some twenty years before his death, which took place, we believe, in 1865, Van Amburgh supplied Eugène Sue with details about lion-taming which the novelist worked up in his "Wandering Jew."

Van Amburgh stood five feet ten and a half inches high. He was not at all robust, neither were his muscles uncommonly developed. His power lay in his iron will, the strength of his nerves, and the magic of his eye, by which he fascinated, humbled, subdued, and rendered obedient the most ferocious of wild beasts.

Hell's Hole, Cheviot Hills.

THE slopes of the Cheviots are covered for some distance from their base, wherever there is the least shelter, by straggling patches of natural wood, which give place, as you ascend higher, to brushwood, bracken, and thin turf. In many a secluded spot among the wild glens there are still to be met with remains of the primeval forest. In some of the wilder ravines the

reddish porphyritic cliffs are exposed, indicating the leading geological character of this beautiful range of hills, among which the tourist is in a region fully as sequestered and solitary as any within the compass of the four seas, although only an hour or two's distance from towns and villages thickly dotted over a rich country. Looked at from the plain below, the hills present, as a whole, a smooth surface, clothed as they are to their summits with a succulent green sward, affording excellent pasture to many thousands of sheep; but they show to the pedestrian a number of rugged glens, of which the wildest is Hell's Hole, more commonly called Henhole, situated on the northern side of the Great Cheviot. On the top of this hog-backed mountain, which is 2,676 feet above the level of the sea, and from which, on a clear day, Roseberry Topping in Cleveland on one side, and the Soutra Hills in Midlothian, within sight of Edinburgh, on the other, can be plainly seen, there is a waste table-land of some five or six square miles, from the mossy surface of which a pretty large stream of water flows into Hell's Hole, forming the Colledge Water, which finds its way first into the Bowbent or Bowmont, thence into the Glen, a tributary of the Till, which joins the Tweed at Tillmouth, and so finally reaches the sea. The stream marks the division here between the two countries, and in the view given in our sketch the rocks to the right are in Scotland, and those to the left in England. The sides of this "hole" are formed by rugged rocks to within a mile or so of the highest point of the mountain. Within a space of about three-quarters of a mile, the water—in a succession of cascades of from six or eight to thirty feet in height—falls three hundred feet. From the bottom of the ravine to the platform at the top the distance somewhat exceeds a mile, and it may be compared to a great stone staircase, both for length and height of steps. The chasm is deepest about half-way up, where the rugged and precipitous cliffs on each side stand up like walls to the height of two hundred and fifty feet or thereabouts. At one place, rolled in behind an elevated and projecting pillar, there lay some time ago, and perhaps still lies, poised with its ends jutting out on each side in a most threatening position, a huge boulder, which a slight push might send down to the bottom. In places where the angle permits of an accumulation of crumbled rock to form what is locally termed a "sclider," the least agitation sets it in motion. On ledges and crevices about the summit of the rocks the hunting falcon (*Falco gyrfalco*) and the raven (*Corvus corax*) breed. This is the only place among the eastern division of the hills on the Borders in which the latter bird, so far as we know, still resides. There is a small cavern in the face of the highest cliff on the right bank of the ravine, still accessible, we believe, to the venturesome, though dangerously so; and into this it is said that one of the early hunting Percies, along with some of his hounds, went and never returned. He and



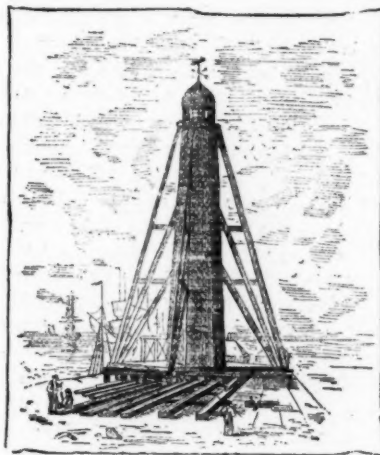
HELL'S MOLE, CHEVIOT HILLS

the hounds, if we may credit the legend, still lie in the cavern, bound by a magic spell—not dead, but fast asleep, and only to be released by a blast of a hunting horn, blown by some one as brave as ever Hotspur was, and more fortunate. This legend, it will be seen, is the counterpart of a dozen others, relating to such mythical personages as Arthur of Britain, Thomas the Rhymer, the Emperor Barbarossa, the Seven Sleepers, Rip Van Winkle, &c. The origin of such tales may possibly have been the circumstance of too venturesome individuals in the olden time having lost themselves in the bowels of the earth, and been suffocated by the mephitic gases engendered therein. But this is a question which it is easier to put than to answer.

Sunderland Lighthouse.

A TRIUMPH of engineering skill was accomplished in Sunderland when the lighthouse at that port was bodily removed from one end of the pier to the other. The former site, which was on the old pier, had become much impaired, and the new pier having been extended considerably to the east, it was deemed desirable that the lighthouse should stand as near the new pier end as possible. It was at first intended to take down the lighthouse and rebuild it; but Mr. John Murray, the engineer under whose direction this extraordinary effort was performed, proposed to remove it entire. As a proof of the feasibility of the plan, it was stated that houses in New York had been removed from their original situation to a considerable distance without sustaining any injury whatever; that the immense block of granite forming the pedestal of the statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg, was conveyed four miles by land and thirteen by water; and that obelisks had also been transmitted from Egypt to Europe. The removal of Sunderland Lighthouse, however, was considered a more dangerous undertaking, from the circumstance of its being composed of stones of comparatively small dimensions, as well as from its great height and small base. The arrangements suggested by Mr. Murray were:—"That the stone work at the base, which is 15 feet in breadth, should be cut in detached parts, and timbers introduced so as to form an artificial base, and which should also act as a mooring carriage to consist of eight Menel baulks, beneath which other baulks should be laid with iron rails forming a railway. Each baulk of the carriage rested on 14 iron wheels, and from the extremities of the carriage on all sides large timber stays were erected, so as to support the body and top of the building." The building had to be drawn about 30 feet to the north, and 420 feet to the east, by powerful screws, along a railway, on the principle of Morton's patent slip for the repairing of vessels. The necessary preparations having been effected, the work of removal

was commenced on the 3rd of June, 1841. The lighthouse was first taken several yards in a north-easterly direction. Rails were laid to convey it forward to the easterly extremity of the pier. During the week commencing with Monday, the 14th of September, 1841, the lighthouse was moved daily more than 30 feet in about as many minutes, including stoppages; but whilst actually moving it went at the rate of about two feet in a minute. Whilst the work was proceeding the screws were abandoned, and the building was drawn forward on the railway by ropes affixed to three windlasses, thirty men being engaged in this part of the work. The line of way was laid on a curve in order to bring the reflector round to a due east position. Much of the time occupied in the process was engaged in shifting the ways, which could not be laid the whole extent at one time. The movement process was



completed on Monday, the 4th of October, by the building being brought up to the site on which it was to be fixed. "The event," says a writer in the *Weekly Chronicle* of that date, "was witnessed by a number of ladies and gentlemen who had assembled on the occasion, and who united with the workmen in loud and enthusiastic cheers of congratulation to Mr. Murray." It is remarkable that not a single accident occurred to anyone during the progress of the work, and that the building did not sustain the slightest injury by its removal. The light was exhibited every night by gas, as usual, so that not the least inconvenience resulted from the removal, which undoubtedly would have been the case had the entire building been pulled down for the purpose of re-erection. Our illustration shows the lighthouse as it appeared during the process of removal.

The Long Pack.

ALTHOUGH the tale of the Long Pack has been widely popular for a long series of years, yet there are many readers belonging to the present younger generation who are not familiar with the exploits of Edward and his old gun "Copenhagen." The scene of the story is not exactly known. Lee Hall is mentioned as the "country seat" where the strange circumstances took place, and Swinburne Castle is likewise pointed out as the famous spot. The accuracy of the date (1723) is questioned, many people considering that it must have been before that period when the supposed outrage took place. However that may be, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, tells the tale as printed below.

It was in the year 1723, when Colonel Ridley returned from India, with what, in those days, was accounted an immense fortune, and retired to a country seat on the banks of North Tyne, in Northumberland. The house was rebuilt, and furnished with everything elegant and costly; and, amongst others, a service of plate, supposed to be worth £1,000. He went annually to London with his family during the winter months of the year, and at these times there were but few domestics left in his house. At the time treated of, the only domestics remaining were a servant maid, of the name of Alice, who kept the house, and two men, who thrashed the corn and took care of the cattle and out-buildings; there were also two ploughmen, but they were boarded in houses of their own.

One afternoon, as Alice was sitting spinning some yarn for a pair of stockings for herself, a pedlar entered the hall with a comical pack on his back. Alice had seen as long a pack and as broad a pack; but a pack equally as long, broad, and thick she declared she never saw. It was about the middle of winter, when the days were short, and the nights cold, long, and wearisome. The pedlar was a handsome, well-dressed man, and very likely to be an agreeable companion for such a maid as Alice on such a night as that; yet Alice declared that, from the very beginning, she did not like him greatly; and, though he introduced himself with a little ribaldry, and a great deal of flattery interlarded, yet, when he came to ask a night's lodging, he met with a peremptory refusal. He jested on the subject, said he believed she was in the right, for he could scarcely trust himself under the same roof with such a sweet and beautiful creature. He then took her on his knee, and ravished a kiss. But all would not do. No, she would not consent to his staying there. "But are you really going to put me away to-night?" "Yes." "Indeed, my dear girl, you must not be so unreasonable; I have come straight from Newcastle, where I have been

purchasing a fresh stock of goods, which are so heavy that I cannot travel far with them; and, as the people around are all of the poorer sort, I will rather make you a present of the grandest shawl in my pack before I go further." At the mentioning of the shawl the picture of deliberation was portrayed in lively colours in Alice's face for a little, but her prudence overcame. "No, she was but a servant, and had orders to harbour no person about the house but such as came on business; nor they, either, unless well acquainted with them." "What the worse can either your master, or you, or any other person be for suffering me to tarry until the morning?" "I entreat you not to insist, for here you cannot be." "But, indeed, I am not able to carry my goods further to-night." "Then you must leave them, or get a horse to carry them away." "Of all the inflexible beings I ever saw, thou art the first! But I cannot blame you; your resolution is just and right. Well, well, since no better may be, I must leave them, and go search for lodgings myself somewhere else; for, fatigued as I am, it is as much as my life is worth to endeavour carrying them further." Alice was rather taken at her word; she wanted nothing to do with his goods; the man was displeased at her, and might accuse her of stealing some of them; but it was an alternative she had proposed, and against which she could start no plausible objection, so she rather reluctantly consented. "But the pack will be better out of your way," said he, "and safer, if you be so kind as lock it by in some room or closet." She then led him into a low parlour, where he placed it carefully on two chairs, and went his way, wishing Alice a good night.

When Alice and the pack were left in the large house by themselves, she could not, for her life, quit thinking of the pack one moment. What was in it which made it so heavy that its owner could not carry it? She would go and see what was in it. It was a very curious pack. At least she would go and handle it, and see what she thought was in it. She went into the parlour—opened a wall press: she wanted nothing in the press; she never as much as looked into it; her eyes were fixed on the pack. "It was a very queer pack—it was square the one way, but not square the other way—it was a monstrous queer pack." It was now wearing late. She returned from the room in a sort of trepidation—sat down to her wheel, but could not spin one thread. "It is a droll pack yon! What made the man so very earnest with me to tarry all night? Never was man so importunate. What in the world has he got in it? It's a confounded queer pack after all! it's so long and so thick! It's a terrible queer pack!"

What surmises will fear not give rise to in the mind of a woman? She lighted a candle, and went again into the parlour, closed the window-shutters, and barred them; but before she came out she set herself upright,

held in her breath, and took another steady and scrutinising look at the pack. God of mercy! She saw it moving as visibly as ever she saw anything in her life. Every hair on her head stood upright. Every inch of flesh on her body crept like a nest of pismires. She hastened into the kitchen as fast as she could, for her knees bent under the load of terror that overwhelmed the heart of poor Alice. She puffed out the candle, lighted it again, and, not being able to find a candlestick, though a dozen stood on the shelf in the fore kitchen, she set it in a water jug, and ran out to the barn for old Richard. "Oh, Richard! oh, for mercy, Richard, make haste, and come into the house! Come away, Richard." "Why, what is the matter, Alice; what is wrong?" "Oh, Richard, a pedlar came into the hall entreating for lodging. Well, I would not let him stay on any account, and, behold, he has gone off and left his pack." "And what is the great matter in that?" said Richard. "I will wager a penny he will look after it before it will look after him." "But, oh, Richard, I tremble to tell you! We are all gone, for it is a living pack." "A living pack!" said Richard, staring at Alice, and letting his chops fall down. Richard had just lifted the flail over his head to begin thrashing a sheaf; but, when he heard of a living pack, he dropped one end of the hand-staff to the floor, and, leaning on the other, took such a look at Alice. He knew long before that Alice was beautiful, he knew that ten years before, but he never took such a look at her in his life. "A living pack!" said Richard. "Why, the woman is mad, without all doubts." "Oh, Richard! come away. Heaven knows what is in it! But I saw it moving, as plainly as I see you at present. Make haste and come away, Richard." Richard did not stand to expostulate any longer, nor even to put on his coat, but followed Alice into the house, assuring her by the way that it was nothing but a whim, and of a piece with many of her phantasies. "But," added he, "of all the foolish ideas that ever possessed thy brain, this is the most unfeasible, and unnatural, and impossible. How can a pack, made up of napkins, and muslins, and corduroy breeches, perhaps, ever become alive? It is even worse than to suppose a horse's hair will turn to an eel." So saying, he lifted the candle out of the jug, and, turning about, never stopped till he had his hand upon the pack. He felt the bales that surrounded its edges to prevent the goods being rumpled and spoiled, by carrying the cords that bound it, and the canvas in which it was wrapped. —"The pack was well enough. He found nought about it that other packs wanted. It was just like other packs made up of the same stuff. He saw nought that ailed it. And a good large pack it was. It would cost the honest man £200, if not more; it would cost him more; but he would make it all up again by cheating fools like Alice with his gewgaws." Alice

testified some little disappointment at seeing Richard unconvinced, even by ocular proof. She wished she had neither seen him nor it, howsoever, for she was convinced there was something mysterious about it; that they were stolen goods, or something that way; and she was terrified to stay in the house with it. But Richard assured her the pack was right enough.

During this conversation, in came Edward, a lad about sixteen years of age, who herded the cattle. He was son to a coal-driver on the Border, and possessed a good deal of humour and ingenuity, but somewhat roguish, forward, and commonly very ragged in his apparel. He was at this time wholly intent on shooting the crows and birds that alighted in whole flocks where he fuddled the cattle. He had bought a huge old military gun, which he denominated Copenhagen, and was continually thundering away at them. He seldom killed any, if ever; but he once or twice knocked off a few feathers, and, after much narrow inspection, discovered some drops of blood on the snow. He had at this very moment come in great haste for Copenhagen, having seen a glorious chance of sparrows, and a robin red-breast among them, feeding on the site of a corn-rick; but hearing them talk of something mysterious, and a living pack, he pricked up his ears and became all attention. "Faith, Alice," he said, "if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "Hold your peace, fool," said Richard. Edward took the candle from Richard, who still held it in his hand, and, gliding down the passage, edged open the parlour door, and watched the pack attentively for about two minutes. He came back with a spring, and with looks very different from those which regulated his features as he went down. As sure as he had death to meet with, he saw it stirring. "Hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. Edward swore again that he saw it stirring; but whether he really thought so, or he only said so, is hard to determine. "Faith, Alice," said he again, "if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "I tell you to hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. "No," said Edward, "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety and I will maintain this to be our safest plan. Our master's house is confided to our care, and the wealth that it contains may tempt some people to use stratagems. Now, if we open up the man's pack he may pursue us for damages to any amount; but, if I shoot at it, what amends can he get of me? If there is anything that should not be there, Lord, how I will pepper it! And if it is lawful goods he can only make me pay for the few that are damaged, which I will get at a valuation; so, if none of you will acquiesce, I will take all the blame on myself, and wear a shot on it." Richard said whatever was the consequence he would be blameless. A half-delirious smile rather distorted than beautified Alice's pretty face; but Edward took it for an assent to what he had been advancing; so, snatching up Copenhagen with one hand, and the candle in the other, he hastened down the passage, and, without hesitating a

moment, fired at the pack. Gracious God! the blood gushed out upon the floor like a torrent, and a hideous roar, followed by the groans of death, issued from the pack. Edward dropped Copenhagen upon the ground, and ran into the kitchen like one distracted. The kitchen was darkish, for he had left the candle in the parlour; so, taking to the door, without being able to utter a word, he ran to the hills like a wild roe, looking over each shoulder, as fast as he could turn his head from one to the other. Alice followed as fast as she could, but lost half the way of Edward. She was all the way sighing and crying most pitifully. Old Richard stood for a short space rather in a state of stupefaction; but at length, after some hasty ejaculations, he went into the parlour. The floor was covered with blood, and the pack thrown down upon the ground; but the groans and cries had ceased, and only a kind of guttural noise was heard from it. Knowing, then, that something must be done, he ran after his companions, and called on them to come back. Though Edward had escaped a good way, and was still persevering on, yet, as he never took a long time to consider the utility of anything, but acted from immediate impulse, he turned and came as fast back as he had gone away. Alice also came homeward, but more slowly, and crying even more bitterly than before. Edward overtook her, and was holding on his course; but as he passed she turned away her face and called him a murderer. At the sound of this epithet, Edward made a dead pause, and looked at Alice with a face much longer than it used to be. He drew in his breath twice, as if going to speak, but he only swallowed his spittle, and held his peace.

They were soon all three in the parlour, and, in no little terror or agitation of mind, loosened the pack, the principal commodity of which was a stout young man, whom Edward had shot through the heart, and thus bereaved of existence in a few minutes. To paint the feelings, or even the appearance of young Edward, during this scene, is impossible: he acted little, spoke less, and appeared in a hopeless stupor; the most of his employment consisted in swallowing his spittle and staring at his two companions.

It is most generally believed that when Edward fired at the pack he had not the most distant idea of shooting a man; but, seeing Alice so jealous of it, he thought the colonel would approve of his intrepidity, and protect him from being wronged by the pedlar. Besides, he had never got a chance of a shot at such a large thing in his life, and was curious to see how many folds of the pedlar's fine haberdashery ware Copenhagen would drive the drops through; so that when the stream of blood burst from the pack, accompanied with the dying groans of a human being, Edward was certainly taken by surprise, and quite confounded. He, indeed, asserted, as long as he lived, that he saw something stirring in the pack; but his eagerness to shoot, and his terror on

seeing what was done, which was no more than what he might have expected, had he been certain he saw the pack moving, make his asseveration rather doubtful. They made all possible expedition in extricating the man, intending to call in medical assistance, but it was too late; the vital spark was gone for ever. "Alas!" said old Richard, heaving a deep sigh, "poor man, 'tis all over with him! I wish he had lived a little longer, to have repented of this, for he has surely died in a bad cause. Poor man! he was somebody's son, and, no doubt, dear to them; and nobody can tell how small a crime this hath, by a regular gradation, become the fruits of." Richard came twice across his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt, for he still wanted the coat. A thought of a tender nature shot through his heart. "Alas!" said he, "if his parents are alive, how will their hearts bear this, poor thing!", said Richard, weeping outright. "Poor things, God pity them!"

The way that the man was packed up was artful and curious. His knees were brought up towards his breast, and his feet and legs stuffed in a hat-box; another hat-box, a size larger, and wanting the bottom, made the vacancy between his face and knees; and there being only one fold of canvas around this, he breathed with the greatest freedom; but it had undoubtedly been the heaving of his breast which caused the movement noticed by the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself from his confinement at once. There were also four loaded pistols secreted with him, and a silver wind-call. On coming to the pistols and cutlass, "Villain," said old Richard, "see what he has here. But I should not call him villain," said he, again softening his tone, "for he is now gone to answer at that bar where no false witness, nor loquacious orator, can bias the justice of the sentence pronounced on him. He is now in the true world, and I am in the false one. We can judge only from appearances, but thanks to our kind Maker and Preserver that he was discovered, else it is probable that none of us would have seen the light of a new day." These dismal reflections from the mouth of old Richard by degrees raised the spirits of Edward. He was bewildered in uncertainty, and had undoubtedly given himself up for lost; but he now began to discover that he had done a meritorious and manful action, and, for the first time since he had fired the fatal shot, ventured to speak. "Faith, it was lucky that I shot," said Edward; but none of his companions answered either good or bad. Alice, though grown rather desperate, behaved and assisted better at this bloody affair than might have been expected. Edward surveyed the pistols all round, two of which were of curious workmanship. "But what do you think he was going to do with all these?" said Edward. "I think you need not ask that," Richard answered. "Faith, it was a mercy

that I shot, after all," said Edward; "for if we had loosened him out, we would have been all dead in a minute. I have given him a devil of a broadside, though. But look ye, Richard, Providence has directed me to the right spot; for I might as readily have lodged the contents of Copenhagen in one of these empty boxes." "It has been a deep laid scheme," said Richard, "to murder us and rob our master's house: there must certainly be more concerned in it than these two."

Ideas beget ideas often quite different, and then others again, in unspeakable gradation, which run through and shift in the mind with as much ease and velocity as the streamers around the pole on a frosty night. On Richard's mentioning more concerned, Edward instantly thought of a gang of thieves by night. What devastation he might work amongst them with Copenhagen: how he would make some to lie with their guts in their arms, blow the nether jaw from one, and scatter the brains of another; how Alice would scream, and Richard would pray, and everything would go on like the work of a windmill. Oh, if he had nothing to do but to shoot! But the plaguey long time he always lost in loading would subject him to a triple disadvantage in the battle. This immediately suggested the necessity of having assistance, two or three others, to shoot and keep them at bay while he was loading. The impulse of the moment was Edward's monitor. Off he ran like fire, and warned a few of the colonel's retainers, who he knew kept guns about them; these again warned others, and at eight o'clock they had twenty-five men in the house and sixteen loaded pieces, including Copenhagen, and the four pistols found on the deceased. These were distributed among the front windows in the upper stories; and the rest, armed with pitchforks, old swords, and cudgels, kept watch below. Edward had taken care to place himself, with a comrade, at a window immediately facing the approach to the house; and now, backed as he was by such a strong party, he grew quite impatient for another chance. All, however, remained quiet until about an hour past midnight, when it entered into his teeming brain to blow the thief's silver wind call; so, without warning any of the rest, he set himself out at the window and blew until all the hills and woods around yelled their echoes. This alarmed the guards, as not knowing the meaning of it; but how were they astonished at hearing it answered by another at no great distance!

The state of anxiety into which the sudden and unforeseen circumstance threw our armed peasants is more easily conceived than described. The fate of their master's great wealth, and even their own fate, was soon to be decided, and none but He that surveys and overrules futurity could tell what was to be the issue. Every breast heaved quicker, every breath was cut and fluttered by the palpitations of an adjoining heart; every gun was cocked and pointed towards the court-gate; every orb of vision was strained to discover

the approaching foe by the dim light of the starry canopy; and every ear expanded to catch the distant sounds as they floated on the slow frosty breeze.

The suspense was not of long continuance. In less than five minutes the trampling of horses was heard, which increased as they approached to the noise of thunder, and in due course a body of men on horse-back, according to the defenders' account, exceeding their number, came up at a brisk trot and began to enter the court-gates. Edward, unable to restrain himself any longer, fired Copenhagen in their faces; one of the foremost dropped, and his horse made a spring towards the hall door. This discharge was rather premature, as the wall still shielded a part of the gang from the bulk of the windows; it was, however, the catch-word to all the rest, and in the course of two seconds the whole sixteen guns were discharged at them. Before the smoke dispersed they were all fled like fire, no doubt greatly amazed at the reception they got. Edward and his comrades ran downstairs to see how matters stood; for it was their opinion that they had shot them every one, and that their horses had taken fright at the noise and galloped off without them; but those below warmly protested against opening any of the doors until day, so they were obliged to betake themselves again to their places upstairs.

Though our peasants had gathered up a little courage and confidence in themselves, their situation was curious, and to them a dreadful one; they saw and heard a part of their fellow-creatures moaning and expiring in agonies in the open air, which was intensely cold, yet dare not go to administer the least relief for fear of a surprise. An hour or two after the great brush, Edward and his messmates descended again, and begged hard for leave to go and reconnoitre for a few minutes, which, after some disputes, was granted. They found only four men fallen, who appeared to them to be all quite dead. One of them was lying within the porch. "Faith," said Edward, "here's the gentleman I shot." The other three were without, at a considerable distance from each other. They durst not follow the track further, as the road entered betwixt groves of trees, but retreated into their posts without touching anything.

About an hour before day, some of them were alarmed at hearing the sound of horses' feet a second time, which, however, was only indistinct, and heard at considerable intervals, and nothing of them ever appeared. Not long after this, Edward and his friends were almost frightened out of their wits at seeing, as they thought, the dead man within the gate endeavouring to get up and escape. They had seen him dead, lying surrounded by a deluge of congealed blood, and nothing but the ideas of ghosts and hobgoblins entered their brains; they were so indiscreet as never to think of firing, but ran and told the tale of horror to some of their neighbours. The sky was by this time grown so dark that nothing could be seen with

precision, and they all remained in anxious incertitude until the opening day discovered to them, by degrees, that the corpses were all removed, and nothing left but large sheets of frozen blood; and that the morning's alarms, by the ghost and the noise of horses, had been occasioned by some of the friends of the men that had fallen conveying them away for fear of a discovery.

Next morning the news flew like fire, and the three servants were much incommoded by crowds of idle and officious people that gathered about the house, some inquiring after the smallest particulars, some begging to see the body that lay in the parlour, while others pleased themselves with poring over the sheets of crimson ice, and tracing the drops of blood on the road down the wood. The colonel had no country factor, nor any particular friend in the neighbourhood; so the affair was not pursued with that speed which was requisite to the discovery of the accomplices; which, if it had, would have been productive of some very unpleasant circumstances, by involving sundry respectable families, as it afterwards appeared but too evident. Dr. Herbert, the physician who attended the family occasionally, wrote to the colonel, by post, concerning the affair; but, though he lost no time, it was some days before he arrived. Then, indeed, advertisements were issued and posted up in public places, offering rewards for a discovery of any person killed or wounded of late. All the dead and sick within twenty miles were inspected by medical men, and the most extensive search made, but all to no purpose. It was too late; all was secured. Some, indeed, were missing, but, plausible pretences being made for their absence, nothing could be done; but certain it was, sundry of these were never more seen or heard of in the country, though many of the neighbourhood declared they were such people as nobody could suspect.

The body of the unfortunate man who was shot in the pack lay open for inspection a fortnight; but none would ever acknowledge so much as having seen him. The colonel then caused him to be buried at Bellingham; but it was confidently reported that his grave was opened and his corpse taken away. In short, no one concerned in this base and bold attempt was ever discovered. A constant watch was kept by night for some time. The colonel rewarded the defenders of his house liberally. Old Richard remained in the family during the rest of his life, and had a good salary for only saying prayers amongst the servants every night. Alice was married to a tobacconist at Hexham; and Edward was made the colonel's gamekeeper, and had a present of a fine gold-mounted gun given him. He afterwards procured him a commission in a regiment of foot, where he suffered many misfortunes and disappointments. He was shot through the shoulder at the battle of Fontenoy, but recovered, and on retiring on half-pay took a small

farm on the Scottish side. His character was that of a brave but rash officer—kind, generous, and open-hearted in all situations. I have often stood at his knee, and listened with wonder and amazement to his stories of battles and sieges, but none of them ever pleased me better than that of the Long Pack.

Alas! alas! his fate is fast approaching to us all! He hath, many years ago, submitted to the conqueror of all mankind; his brave heart is now a clod of the valley, and his grey hairs lie mixed with the cold earth beneath the green turf.

The Legend of the Monk's Stone.

THE Monk's Stone, as it is called, is situated in a field to the north-west of Tynemouth, near a farm-house called the Monk House. It seems to have been the pedestal and part of the shaft of an ancient rood or cross. On one side of the pedestal was formerly inscribed in rude letters:—

"© horror to kill a man for a pigges hede."

The monument, which is of whinstone, is, as may be seen from our artist's sketch, on page 256, much defaced by the weather and the action of time, and through its having been allowed to be used by cattle as a rubbing post.

The celebrated antiquary, Grose, in his account of Northumberland, was the first to give publicity in print to a curious legend connected with this stone, which may possibly be founded on fact, though Sidney Gibson calls it "idle and absurd." Grose tells the tale as follows:—"A monk of this [Tynemouth] monastery, strolling abroad, came to the house of Mr. Delaval, an ancestor of the ancient family of that name. That gentleman was then absent with a hunting party, but was expected back to dinner. Among the many dishes preparing in the kitchen was a pig, ordered purposely for Mr. Delaval's own eating. This alone suiting the liquorish palate of the monk, and though admonished and informed for whom it was intended, he cut off the head, reckoned by epicures the most delicious part of the animal, and, putting it into a bag, made the best of his way to the monastery. Delaval, at his return, being informed of the transaction, which he looked upon as a personal insult, and being young and fiery, remounted his horse and set out in search of the offender; when, overtaking him about a mile east of Preston, he so belaboured him with his staff, called a hunting gad, that he was hardly able to crawl to his cell. This monk dying within a year and a day, although, as the story goes, the beating was not the cause of his death, the brethren made it a handle to charge Delaval with his murder; who, before he could get absolved,

was obliged to make over to the monastery, as an expiation of this deed, the manor of Elsig [Elswick], in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, with several other valuable estates, and, by way of *amende honourable*, to set up an obelisk on the spot where he so properly corrected the monk. Elsig was made the summer retreat of the Priors of Tynemouth.

Captain Grose adds that this story, like many others of the same kind, "is very defective in several parts; no date is affixed; and, though the monument is shown in support of it, it seems difficult to account for this monk being so far from his monastery, as going abroad, especially alone, was strictly prohibited by their rules; and, this [the Black Friars or Dominicans] not being a mendicant order, he could not be going on the quest; the only way of reconciling it is to suppose that the worthy personage was a lay brother and servant to the house—perhaps the steward." He sums up by saying the story shows how dangerous it was to injure the meanest retainer of a religious house in pre-Reformation days—a peril very ludicrously, though justly, expressed in the following adage, which he had somewhere met with:—"If perchance one offends a freere's dogge, straight clameth the whole brotherhood, an heresy, an heresy."

The cross had been thrown down, it seems, in 1743, and broken into three pieces; and the upper piece tapering to the summit was lying on the grass when Burns's portly correspondent visited the spot. The part standing was ten feet high, a foot and a half broad, and ten and a half inches thick. Two human figures were cut on one of the faces, on each side of a foliated staff, and above their heads were engraved two non-descript animals; but the stone had been punched so full of holes by the country people that it was difficult to tell what ornaments the other sides had borne, if any.

The late Mr. George Rippon, of Waterville, North Shields, an enthusiastic antiquary, wrote in 1851:—"This curious relic has undergone frequent changes and removals. The original site was a field to the east of where it now stands, towards Tynemouth, on the ancient road leading to the Priory. It was afterwards altered to thirty yards west of its present situation. The potato crops suffered so severely by the trespasses of visitors to view the relic, that the farmer attached horses to the shaft and pulled it out of its socket, and split away the side of the pedestal, as it now remains. Part was dragged away by eight horses, and buried. Mr. Blacklock, in building his farm house, again removed what was still unbroken to the position where it now is, to serve as a rubbing stone for cattle. The remaining parts were built into one of the arches of the threshing machine."

In all instances where the monument is mentioned in legal documents, it is called a "rood" or "cross." There

occurs a grant from Nicholas the son of Ralph to William Hindley of half an acre of ground in a field at Tynemouth, which lay between the ground of the said William and that of one William Cockerel, and on the north side of the "Cross of Seaton." This, says Mr. Rippon, who seems to have examined it, "is a bold and fine handwriting of the 13th century." Again, in 1320, the place occurs as "Le Croes flat," and also as "Rodestane More." In the same deed, mention is made of "the gallows of Rodestane," to which the Prior of Tynemouth, as lord of the manor, doubtless had the privilege of attaching criminals. The deed also records the fact that Henry Fawkes, of West Backworth, in all probability an ancestor of the Fawcuses of North Shields, had granted to the prior and his tenants wayleave through all his grounds, for leading slate from their quarries in West Backworth to cover their houses with, and had released to them all right he had to a certain part of the moor called Rodestane Moor, on the west side of Priestown, containing sixty acres, and extending from the way to Billing [Billy] Mill, thence to Moortown [Murton], and the "culture," called the Blake Chesters, in the field of East Chirton, and thence to the north street, which led from Tynemouth to the Rodestane gallows.

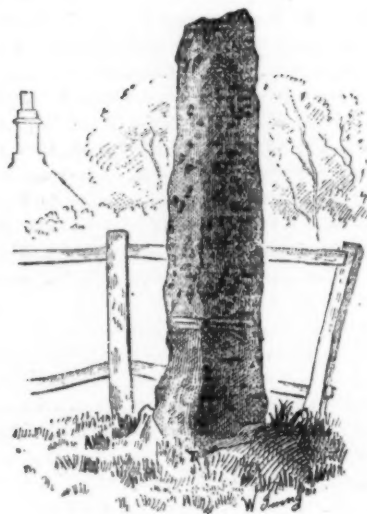
Hodgson, in his History of Northumberland, remarks, "I have no doubt the cross was set up, like the *cippi* or shafts of the Romans, as a boundary between the lands of Monkseaton and Tynemouth, or else as an index or guide to travellers." Other authorities have thought it possible that the monument may have been a boundary cross of the "girth," peace, or sanctuary of Saint Oswin of Tynemouth. Perhaps it has served the double purpose of index and boundary, and it may have originally stood on the very spot whence the abbey could be first descried by pilgrims or refugees coming from the Earsdon, Hartley, or Seaton Delaval quarter. It was usual to set up crosses in such places, on the roads leading to the great monasteries, which served in the middle ages the same purpose as the Levitical Cities of Refuge did among the Israelites.

In 1757, a plan of the Manor of Tynemouth was taken by Isaac Thompson, and upon it is laid down a field called "Cross Close Pasture," containing 9 acres 3 roods 10 perches, by measurement, probably the piece of land in the midst of which the stone then stood.

Another authority, consulted by Mr. Rippon, who, however, does not give the name, says:—"After the most careful investigation, I have been able to trace its [the stone's] former station and use. Within three hundred yards of its present site, adjoining to the ancient road which led from the priory to the north, is a field now enclosed with a stone wall, containing about 8 acres; and directly opposite to where the cross originally stood is the only freehold land in the manor, and it has been in the possession of the present family

for three hundred years. It was the ancient place where the prior granted the fairs to be held, and the Monk Stone, formerly the Rood Stone or Cross, was placed on its west side, adjoining the road, to direct those attending the fair to the place set apart for it."

It is morally certain, then, that if ever such an event took place as that commemorated in the legend and in the comparatively modern inscription graven on the stone, the stone itself had been there long before, serving a quite different purpose. According to the



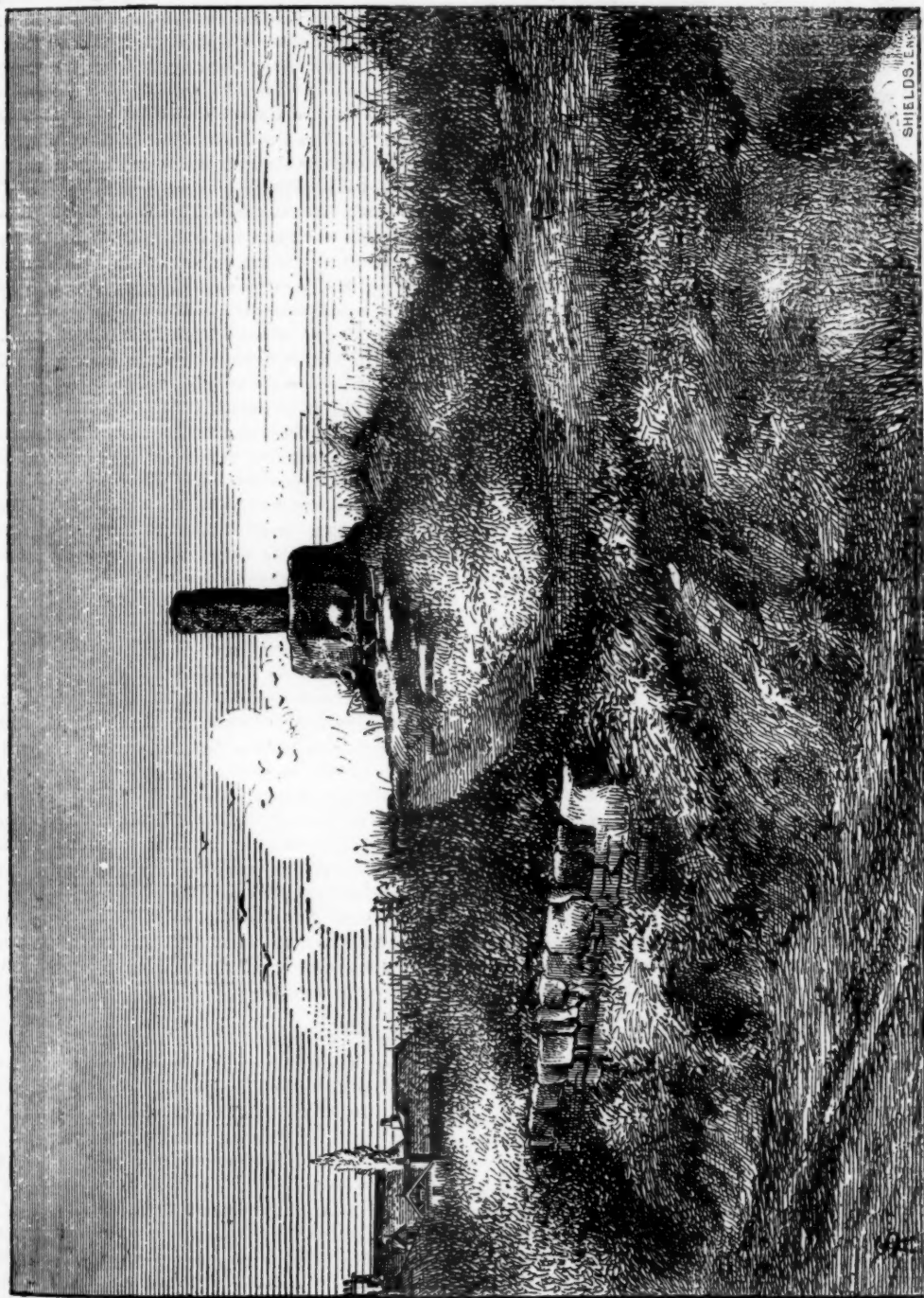
tradition, indeed, when the monk died from the ill-usage he had received from the Lord Delaval, his brethren had the legend engraved on the base of the pedestal, as the most conspicuous place, where all strangers resorting to the fair might read it. And thus was handed down to posterity the memory of the cruel usage to which a holy man had been subjected; and from that time forward the sacred monument, which ceased at the Reformation to serve its original purpose, became popularly known as the Monk's Stone.

The Battle of Neville's Cross.

THE dreadful battle of October 17th, 1346, which has invested the Red Hills of Durham with undying interest for every lover of history, was the closing act in a series of tragic occurrences which began with the death of the

Fair Maid of Norway fifty-six years previously. Margaret, the daughter of King Eric of Norway, was the grand-daughter and heiress of Alexander III. of Scotland. She was the destined bride of the first Prince of Wales, and, had her life been spared, there can be little doubt that the rose and the thistle would have been blended a couple of centuries earlier than actually was the case, or at all events the complexion of history would have been considerably altered. When she died, there arose three claimants for the Scottish crown—Baliol, Bruce, and Hastings. Leaving the last-named out of consideration, the rivalries of the other two houses not only embittered the internal life of Scotland for three generations, but opened the way for the cruel ambition of the Plantagenets. During this gloomy passage of Scottish history, there arose some of the noblest champions and purest patriots the cause of oppressed nationalities ever rallied to its rescue. Robert Bruce and the great and brave Sir William Wallace, Knight of Ellerslie, have left names which, were they alone in Scottish military annals, would secure a perpetual fame for their native land. Notwithstanding all their gigantic efforts and heroic deeds, they were unable by sheer force of arms to overthrow the oppressor. Passing advantages, indeed, they gained, but only to provoke an exasperated vengeance. After many ups and downs, now with a Bruce and now with a Baliol for leader, Scotland had in the year 1346 a Bruce upon the throne. This was David the Second. On the English throne was the redoubtable Edward III. In that year Edward was away in France, prosecuting his absurd and offensive claim to the French crown. Now, in previous years, Scotland had derived no inconsiderable help from the King of France, and it was but one good turn for another that David should engage to create a diversion in favour of his sworn allies by invading the dominions of Edward. And, besides, there was a heavy score of wrongs and cruelties to be revenged on his own account. The opportunity was too legitimate and too tempting to be lost. While Edward was crushing his proud suzerain, Philip, by sea and by land, at Sluys and on the slopes of Creci, David was gathering his clans and nobles for an advance into the very heart of England. Creci had been won in August, and Calais had commenced the valorous resistance to the victorious English, which, though it failed after twelve months of almost unparalleled perseverance, was one of the most notable events in military history; but, somewhat of a laggard as compared with the impetuous and dashing Edward, the King of Scotland did not find his way into England till the autumn had set in.

It may be noticed that this gathering and subsequent raid into the Northern Counties is the subject of definite allusion in one of Shakspeare's historical dramas; as indeed also is the general behaviour of Scotland in those times on occasions of England's perplexity and



NEVILLE'S CROSS, 1885.

trouble. In "Henry V." Lord Westmoreland is made to say—

But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin.
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking; and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To spoil and havoc more than she can eat.

In the same act and scene the King is represented as saying—

For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot, on his unfurnished kingdom,
Came pouring like the tide unto a breach
With ample and brimfulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns.

And, just before, the King had reminded his nobles of this back-door danger, saying:—

We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

In pursuance of the policy here described, David II. had collected an army of 30,000, more formidable in numbers as well as in personal bravery than remarkable for equipment. But he did wild work by the way, and some portions of this work necessarily detained him. Selecting the Western Marches, the invading host made the first point of attack the little border hold of Liddell. This place made a stout resistance, and when at length it was taken by storm the impatient King David, ill brooking the delay its obstinacy had occasioned, commanded Walter Selby, the valiant and faithful governor, to be beheaded with short shrift. The Abbey of Lanercost next fell a prey to the desolating fury of the semi-barbarous Scots. Hexham Priory was sacked; but, as in the case of Corbridge, and perhaps also Ebchester, where there was a small priory, orders were given to spare the town as a storing place for the great booty expected as one fruit of the expedition into the very treasure-house of St. Cuthbert. But the story goes that the illustrious saint appeared in a vision of the night to the ruthless King of Scotland, while he was resting at Ryton, the outpost of the palatinate, and, with solemn warnings, conjured him to spare the sacred treasures of the see of Durham. Whether the King laid the vision to heart or not it is not easy to tell. From what shortly occurred it would seem that the good saint had scant faith in the fearsome Bruce, and as far as opportunity was given his Majesty acted in a way to justify both saints and sinners in gloomy apprehensions as to what he would do if he could. A sort of tradition is floating about that the picturesque ruined chapel at Low Friar-side, near Lintz Green, is, in its beautiful desolation, a monument of King David's obduracy to St. Cuthbert's admonitions and entreaties. It is not known, however,

that the route of the army lay very near this low ground, and, indeed, it does not seem that any trustworthy account is extant either as to the origin of the chapel or the occasion of its dismantlement. It is certain that the Scot crossed the Derwent at Ebchester Bridge, and probable that he made his way behind what is now known as Consett to Lanchester, and thence along the left bank of the Browney to Beaurepaire, the beautiful retreat, for prayer or pastime, of the Prior of Durham, now—and, indeed, since David's ill-starred visit—a ruin. The very name has been ruined with the lapse of time; first passing by careless pronunciation into Bere-par, and then by forced interpretation into Bear Park, the explanation of which name the good folks of Durham give when they tell you that there were kept by the old palatinate prince bishops the bears with which they ministered to the delectation, if not edification, of their monks and vassals. Once snugly housed in this princely abode, the King abandoned himself to luxurious repose and his scouts to indiscriminate plunder and mischief. The mere sustentation of thirty thousand men in a hostile country was no trifling task. Far and wide went the foraging parties, laying hands on all things eatable, drinkable, or wearable, and chopping to bits or burning to ashes whatever was not thus useful, by way of amusement, or for practice to keep their hands in against the sack of Durham, now, as they thought, so near and sure. Naturally the King felt a kingly pride in his martial host, for it was larger than any previously raised for similar purposes. He had also with him a fair contingent of troops lent by his ally the French King; and, willing to make a favourable impression on his foreign friends, as well as to gratify his own love of martial spectacle and to over-awe the neighbouring city, he drew out his army in line of battle, and manoeuvred and paraded to his own great content. And yet the men-at-arms were few, and the cavalry was made up in a large degree of sequestered farm horses collected as he came along. The specially holy Black Rood of the House of Bruce was there, studded with flaring gems, and probably it served as the standard; at all events it formed part of the spoil when the great battle was over.

Meanwhile, Queen Philippa and her Council of Regency had not been idle. Under the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Lincoln and Carlisle, the Neville, Lord of Raby and Earl of Westmorland, the Percy, from his stronghold in Northumberland, Sir Thomas Rokeby, of Rokeby, and others, about sixteen thousand men of all arms were assembled in South Durham. On the 16th this compact body bivouacked in Auckland Park. Before dawn on the 17th they moved to the high ground on which Merrington stands, and when daylight was sufficiently advanced they could make out the motions of the Scotch, who were forming in battle array on the western slopes of the Red Hills above Durham. Pro-

bably with the idea of saving the city, the English began to move towards their foes. Soon after reaching Ferry-on-the-Hill, or Ferryhill, their van fell in with a foraging party under Sir William Douglas, and pursued them as far as Sunderland Bridge. Douglas made all haste to Beaurepaire, and, exaggerating the formidableness of the advancing host, urged his king to keep to the hills and avoid battle. But King David had a more chivalrous humour upon him than to discharge his line of battle. He resolved to await, or rather to meet, the enemy along the ridge of the hills on which his standard had been unfurled. The English on their part came on with decision, as men who saw that the shock of battle was inevitable, if Durham city was to be saved, and Douglas's foraging to be checked. They had the two rivers of Dearness and Browney on their left flank and Durham on their right. Issue was joined not far from the spot where the remains of Neville's Cross now stands. On that spot was planted the standard of the English host. In compliance with the nocturnal suggestions of their patron saint, who seems to have had an uneasy time of it whenever his beloved city was threatened, the monks of Durham extemporised a standard by fastening to a spear handle the holy cloth (the corporal or corporax) wherewith St. Cuthbert, in the days of his fleshly ministry, was wont to protect the chalice in the eucharistic service. Some of these holy brethren were stout-hearted warriors in their way, and possibly a picked band of them may have shouldered a lance or a battle axe under the command of their noble diocesan; but the bulk of them betook themselves to those spiritual weapons which better becomed their sacred calling. They ascended the central tower of their magnificent shrine, from the summit of which they could command an excellent view of the greater portion of both armies; and from their sublime watch-tower they chanted their misereres and their songs of triumphal praise according as the tide of victory ebbed or flowed.

But the sound of their psalmody was lost in the din of battle. The two armies met in orderly array. The English advanced in three bodies, one under Lord Percy, a second commanded by Lord Neville, and the third by Sir Thomas Rokeby, while on the extreme right, and in one of the hollows on the Red Hills, a strong body of cavalry took up its post as reserve. The Scots were also in three divisions, one under the King, one under the High Steward, and a third under the Earl of Moray. On the side of the English, a strong line of archers was thrown out, and their fire galled the approaching Scots to such an extent that Graham begged permission to take a hundred lances and scatter the bowmen. This request was refused, the King being unwilling to break his own line of battle. But the impetuous Graham made a dash with a chosen band of followers, and all but perished for his hardihood. His danger brought up the High Steward's

division, and immediately the engagement became general. The bowmen were forced back through Lord Percy's ranks, which consequently were thrown into confusion. "Reserve to the rescue!" and the reserve cavalry, making a rush at the High Steward's front, drove it back, and the Percy forces, rallying, preserved their advantage until the flank of the royal troops was exposed. Meanwhile, Lord Neville was being sore pressed by these same royal troops; and Lord de Ros, relinquishing pursuit of the now routed High Steward, made a tremendous onset, taking the King's division in flank, which, being thereby wedged in, with Neville in the front, broke away beyond the power of rallying. The English forces then moved in one body against the Earl of Moray's division, which, being hampered by walls, ditches, and the like, were taken as it were in a net, and absolutely cut to pieces. The ensuing slaughter was frightful, and if the epithet Red was applied to the hills west of Durham as a memento of this famous and important battle, it is not often that such names have been so well deserved. King David was defended gallantly and desperately by eighty faithful followers; but either on the battlefield, or shortly after, by the bank of the Browney, or, as one account says, under the bridge which crosses the little river just below the battlefield, he was captured by Sir John Coupland, a Northumbrian squire, who lost his front teeth from a blow of the royal mailed fist, and gained both honour and riches as a reward for his prowess and luck in effecting the capture, he being knighted and presently made Governor of Berwick. Several great noblemen shared the King's fate of captivity. Among them, the Earls of Fife and Menteith; while a far greater number bit the dust in the agonies of death on that fatal day. The actual battle lasted only from nine a.m. till noon.

When it was all over, the conquerors repaired in triumph to the Cathedral to pay their vows for the succour of the mighty saint beneath whose holy banner they had fought. They had lost comparatively few of the rank and file, and Lord Hastings was the only noble who perished on the field. Lord Neville, at a later period, received a grateful tribute from the exclusive guardians of the Cathedral, for he was the first layman whose bones were permitted to rest within the holy pile. The tradition is that his lordship at his own cost erected a magnificent cross on the spot where the corporal or chalice cover affixed to a spear had served as the standard for the English forces. There is, however, reason to suppose that it was a cross station at the time of its selection as the place for the holy standard, though probably it was not known as Neville's Cross till the victorious lord had put up a memorial of the great fight with King David on Crossgate Moor. The King, it may be mentioned, was released the following year on a ransom of 100,000 marks,

and it may be further remarked that this ransom is owing to the English Exchequer even unto this day.

The cross which Lord Neville set up on the site of the battle was an elaborately carved structure. It was, however, one night in 1589, broken down and defaced by "some lewd, contemptuous, and wicked persons," probably Puritans of the period. All that remains of it now is an octagonal stone, the pillar affixed to which, as shown in our view, is no part of the original cross, but appears to have been placed there in more modern times, most likely in the early part of last century.

William Hutton's Visit to the Roman Wall.

WILLIAM HUTTON, of Birmingham, was one of the most wonderful men that England ever produced—a man of marvellous sagacity, industry, and perseverance, exercised from his earliest years under enormous difficulties. He combined, in a remarkable manner, prudence with enterprise, hard labour with amusement, and the love of reading with devotion to business, and all, says Leigh Hunt, "because he was a thorough human being of his class, probably from causes anterior to his birth."

Hutton's father, a poor journeyman wool-comber in Derby, was a good specimen of a type of men unfortunately too common amongst English operatives. Clever at his business, acute in his reasoning powers, possessed of a good memory, eloquent in speech, polished in address, and with not a little acquired miscellaneous knowledge—all these advantages were rendered practically useless to himself or family in consequence of a pernicious taste, which he had got and could never conquer, for the low indulgence of the beer and gin shop. His son gives the following amusing account of him:—"Though my father was neither young, being forty-two, nor handsome, having lost an eye, nor sober, for he spent all he could get in liquor, nor clean, for his trade was oily, nor without shackles, for he had five children, yet women of various descriptions courted his smiles, and were much inclined to pull caps for him." This squalid Lothario probably supplied William Hutton with wit and address, while his mother—a notable woman, deserving of a much better husband—furnished him with a good constitution and well-balanced brain. Half-starved in infancy, he was brought up miserably as a stockinger in Nottingham, had not a penny in the world to bless himself with till he was out of his apprenticeship, became a self-taught book-binder under the meanest auspices, rose to be a well-to-do wholesale stationer, became one of the Commissioners of the Court of Requests in Birmingham and a leading

man in that brisk manufacturing town, found, as he himself tells us in his autobiography (which, by-the-by, is one of the pleasantest and most instructive books in the English or any tongue), "a delight in study and a profit" in the purchase of land with his painfully accumulated savings, and ended with being a rich man, living in wealth and honour to the age of ninety-two. We may add that he was a skilful tennis player, and no mean musician. All his life he was prudently riding one cheap hobby-horse after another, without in the least neglecting the main chance. His motto was "Duty first," yet he did not despise or neglect, but all the more enjoyed, "pleasure afterwards." A voluminous, facile, and unaffectedly didactic writer, we might style him a second Franklin. He was seventeen years the junior of the Sage of Philadelphia, and overlived him twenty-five years, having been born in the year 1723, and dying in 1815.

In his seventy-ninth year, William Hutton, who had always been a great pedestrian, made a journey to the North of England to see the famous Roman Wall, "the greatest of all the curiosities left us by the Romans, the wonderful and united works of Agricola, Hadrian, and Severus," of and concerning which we now know about all that is ever likely to be known, through the laborious researches of that ablest of the successors of Horsley, Dr. Bruce. In Hutton's time, however, the topography of the Wall was comparatively unknown. Many had written upon the subject, but Hutton found, on consulting their works, "they were only echoes of each other." "Very few had even seen it, and not a soul had penetrated from one end to the other." Besides, most of those who had paid a transient visit to it had chosen to ride, so they could not be very minute observers. "Poor Camden travelled it till he was frightened," and no wonder, if the inhabitants of the neighbouring country were then such barbarians, or rather savages, as Macaulay in his "History" represents them as being. "Horsley was weary, and retreated; but he wrote more correct," and what he did was a perfect marvel, considering that he was only a poor Presbyterian minister at Morpeth, with a not much larger stipend than Goldsmith's village clergyman or the reverend author of "Tullochgorum" had—forty pounds a year. The judicious Warburton, whom Hutton praises for his veracity, rode on, desisted, and then remarked, "he believed he had trod upon ground which no foot had ever trodden since the Romans." He also transcribed Horsley, whom Mr. Gough likewise professed to follow. Hutton "envied the people in the neighbourhood of the Wall," though he knew they valued it no more than the soil on which it stood. He wished to converse with an intelligent resident, but never saw one; so he determined to spend a month, and fifty guineas, in minutely examining the relics of this "first of wonders." The results of his examination he published

in a small volume, printed in 1802, by and for John Nicols and Son, Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street, London, and sold by W. Charnley, Newcastle, and R. Dickenson, Hexham, besides other provincial booksellers.

Hutton made the journey entirely on foot; and, judging from his own account, his appearance must have been amusing. "I was dressed," says he, "in black, a kind of religious warrant, but divested of assuming airs; and had a budget of the same colour of materials, much like a dragoon's cartridge box or postman's letter pouch, in which were deposited the maps of Cumberland, Northumberland, and the Wall, with their appendages, all three taken out of Gough's edition of the *Britannia*; also Warburton's map of the Wall, with my own remarks, &c. To this little packet I fastened with a strap an umbrella in a green case, for I was not likely to have a six weeks' tour without wet, and slung it over that shoulder which was the least tired. A person of my appearance and style of travelling is so seldom seen upon the high road, that the crowds I met in my whole journey viewed me with an eye of wonder and inquiry, as if ready to cry out, 'In the name of the Father, &c., what ar't?' and I have reason to believe not a soul met me without a turn of the head, to survey the rear as well as the front."

Of this pedestrian tour of Mr. Hutton's at so advanced an age, his daughter, Miss Catherine Hutton, a jewel of a woman, gave a truly affectionate account in a letter to a friend, from which we shall quote a few passages to help to make our readers familiar with the character of the man. "Our summer excursion in 1801," she says, "was ardently wished for by both. My father's object was to see the Roman Wall; mine, the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. We talked it over by our fireside every evening the preceding winter. He always insisted upon setting out on foot, and performing as much of the journey as he should be able in the same manner. I made little objection to his plan, reserving myself for a grand attack at last. When the time drew near, I represented to my father that it was impossible he should walk the whole way, though I agreed with him that he could walk a considerable part: the only difference between us was, whether he should ride to prevent mischief, or after mischief was done. I besought him with tears to go as far as Liverpool in a carriage, and walk afterwards, as he might find it expedient; but he was inflexible. All I could obtain was a promise that he would take care of himself. I rode on a pillion behind the servant, and our mode of travelling was this: My father informed himself at night how he could get out of the house the next morning before the servants were stirring. He rose at four o'clock, walked to the end of the next stage, breakfasted, and waited for me. I set out at seven, and, when I arrived at the same inn, breakfasted also. When my father had rested two hours, he set off

again. When my horse had fed properly, I followed, passed my father on the road, arrived before him at the next inn, and bespoke dinner and beds. My father was so careful not to be put out of his regular pace that he would not allow me to walk by his side, either on foot or on horseback, not even through a town. He chose that pace which was the least exertion to him, and never varied it. It looked like a saunter, but it was steady, and he got over the ground at the rate of full two miles and a half in an hour. When the horse which I rode saw my father before him, he neighed, though at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and the servant had some trouble to hold him in. He once laid the reins upon his neck, and he trotted directly up to my father, then stopped, and laid his head on his shoulder. My father was such an enthusiast with regard to the Wall, that he turned neither to the right nor to the left, except to gratify me with a sight of Liverpool. Winander Mere he saw, and Ulleswater he saw, because they lay under his feet; but nothing could detain him from his grand object. When we had reached Penrith, we took a melancholy breakfast, and parted, with a tear half suppressed on my father's side, and tears not to be suppressed on mine. He continued his way to Carlisle; I turned west for Keswick."

Amongst the first observations which Mr. Hutton makes, in his *History of the Wall*, is that it needs no other proof than such a structure that man is born a savage. "It characterises," he says, "two nations as robbers and murderers," and he adds:—"Nineteen in twenty of our race sustain half this character through life. Only some individuals correct the crude passions, adhere to justice, and avoid whatever is worthy of blame." "This place," he goes on to say, "has been the scene of more plunder and murder than any other part of the island of equal extent. During four hundred years, while the Wall continued a barrier, this was the grand theatre of war, as well as during ages after its destruction." "It is impossible to conceive a human being in a more dreadful situation than that of a Borderer; keeping, in the daytime, a continual look-out, and, in the dark and solitary night, attention to every minute sound, which excited terrible ideas, and augmented those ideas into the approach of an enemy. His property was open to plunder; his house, the only thing immovable, exposed to the flames; his mind perpetually tortured by the rack, surrounded by enemies, all bred up in savage principles, wishing to take his life, and he who could take it might with impunity; his only guard was his strength, which, put into the balance against a multitude, was a dram to a pound. His wife and children, the dearest treasures upon earth, daily liable to be murdered before his eyes, and himself doomed to share their fate or starve. Bread, water, and peace is preferable to such a life, even with an entail of ten thousand acres."

Our traveller traversed the line of the Wall twice over, first eastward and then back; but in his description he

begins at Wallsend, below Newcastle, as all his predecessors had done, and proceeds to Bowness, or, as he writes it, Boulness.

At Byker Hill he noticed that a hedge ran in Agricola's ditch, a part of which, that year for the first time, was levelled and converted into a bed of potatoes, which the proprietors would allow gratis, during three years, to anyone who would level and improve the ground. "This," observes he, "is the taste of the neighbourhood for the grandest piece of antiquity in the whole island." Passing through Newcastle, he remarks with truth that "busy life ruins antiquity." In the inn where he dined he was "treated with a distant respect, and a small degree of awe," by the company, who, dinner over, requested him to return thanks. Which done—"You seem, gentlemen," said he, "to take me for a clergyman: but, I assure you, I am in a far preferable state. For I am a *freeman*, which a great part of the clergy are not. I have nothing to expect from any man but common civility, which I wish to return with interest; but he who is under promises, expectations, or even wishes, his sentiments may perhaps not be his own, and he cannot be deemed free." Their countenances brightened. "I have," said one of the gentlemen, "seven relations in the Church." "Then, sir," replied Hutton, "if you are an independent man, are you not the happiest of the eight?" It seemed their apprehensions of his black dress, from which they were glad to be freed, had nearly deprived him of a dinner, as mine host had actually hesitated a good while to introduce him amongst his free and easy guests.

At Vindobala (Rutchester), where the farmer showed him, "at the back of his buildings," a small piece of Roman work, which was said to be part of a wall turret, our traveller breaks into rhyme, thus:—

I saw old sir at dinner sit,
Who ne'er said "Stranger, take a bit,"
Yet might, although a poet said it,
Have saved his beef, and rais'd his credit.

This farmer had evidently never learned the text: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." It is dangerous to give a cold reception to walking gentlemen with note-books and ink-horns. All the world knows how William Howitt lampooned the Daggs at Kielder, and Robert Burns the big folks at Inverary and Carron.

Soliciting a bed at Harlow Hill, he again experienced some trifling difficulties: for not only was he at first taken for a spy employed by Government, as Samuel Lover occasionally was when collecting his Irish Legends, but, though his gloves were deposited where they ought to have been safe, yet he found that some person had made free with them, thus demonstrating that "dishonesty was not yet totally expunged from the Wall."

At Hunnum (Halton Chesters), the sight of "the united works of Agricola and Adrian, almost perfect,"

filled him with surprise and delight. He was fascinated, and unable to proceed. He forgot he was upon a wild common, a stranger, and the evening approaching. "Even hunger and fatigue," says he, "were lost in the grandeur before me. If a man writes a book upon a turnpike road, he cannot be expected to move quick; but, lost in astonishment, I was not able to move at all."

At St. Oswald's, he goes on to say, had he been some months sooner, he would have been favoured with a noble treat, but now that treat was miserably soured. He would have seen a piece of Severus's Wall, seven feet and a half high, and two hundred and twenty-four yards long. But the proprietor, Henry Tulip, Esq., was then taking it down to erect a farm-house with the materials. Most of it was already destroyed, and the stones fit for building removed. Mr. Hutton sent his compliments to the modern Goth, requesting him to desist, or he would wound the whole body of antiquaries. But such men are not to be diverted from their selfish purposes by any regard for the opinions of men of taste. They are always prepared to stand up for the rights of property, like the descendants of the Moabites in the case of the Moabite stone, or the Bedouin Arabs mutilating the ruins of Palmyra. And the owner of the hall at St. Oswald's was not the only iconoclast Hutton met with between Wallsend and Bowness. Indeed, this colossal work of the Romans would have stood for ever, or at least have been as durable as the Egyptian Pyramids, had not the people in its neighbourhood made it a common quarry for building materials, for fold-dykes, march-dykes, road-metal, &c., &c.

Thirty miles from Newcastle, at a public-house known by the name of Twice Brewed, he staid overnight with a club of fifteen carriers, who devoured a pudding about as big as a peck measure, and a piece of beef perhaps equal to half a calf. Every piece went down as if there was no barricade in the throat. One of the pieces was more than Hutton had seen eaten at a meal by a moderate person. These gourmands convinced him that eating was "the chief end of man." The tankard too, like a bowl ladling water out of a well, was often emptied, often filled. Carriers have sharp appetites, we believe, all the world over.

Hutton waxes enthusiastic at Borcovicus (Housesteads), the grandest station in the whole line, though he tells us it was a severe task he had to perform thereabouts, that of creeping up rocks, and climbing stone walls, not well adapted to a man who had lost the activity of youth.

Arriving at Burdoswald (Amboglana), he was received by the proprietor of the once imperial premises, Mr. Bowman, with a coldness which indicated an unwelcome guest, having been taken, it seems, "for a person employed by Government to examine private property for the advancement of taxation." But when he assured the proprietor that his journey arose from

the idle whim of an antiquary, that he had employed himself, and that his right hand must pay for his left, they became exceedingly friendly; so that the family were not only unwilling to let the traveller go, but obliged him to promise to visit them on his return. They gave him their best; they wished it better. A little beyond this place, the Wall had recently been taken down, and lay in heaps, as if the country could not produce one soul to protect antiquity. At Bankhead, a few miles further west, Hutton was taken for a surveyor of land, preparatory to enclosing the common; and, as a matter of course, the people gave him the cold shoulder.

Applying, at sundown, very tired, at the sign of the Cow and Boot at High Walton for a bed, he was at first told the people could not take him in; but on his touchingly representing the urgency of the case, there being no other place of shelter near, they agreed to let him stay. Although a public-house, they had no ale, cider, porter, beer, or liquor of any kind, nor food, except milk, which was excellent; "but they treated me," says Hutton, "with something preferable, civility." When he rose the next morning, and asked his worthy landlady what he had to pay, he found she would be satisfied with only a few pence. Ignorant of the polite art of cribbing, she knew but little of the world. He laid down two shillings. In response, she returned one and offered to give change for the other. He insisted upon her taking both. She being still unwilling, he promised to make her a harder bargain on his return. At Wall-head, a single house, a few miles north-east of Carlisle, the people, as usual, viewed him with a suspicious eye when he entered the house, and, he had reason to think, rather wished him out. What could he be but a surveyor of land, employed by the landlord, preparatory to a rise of rent? But when he could dispel this gloom, and raise a smile, he became a most welcome guest.

At Stanwix, opposite Carlisle, where he had great difficulty in procuring lodgings, but got them at last, he fell a prey in bed to "the dancing gentry of the night," and he next morning turned and shook his shirt, being unwilling to carry off anything but his own. Here he observed a stone in the street, converted into a horse-block, three steps high, with the figure of a man, in a recess, eighteen inches in height, in a Roman dress, and in good preservation. He wondered, as well he might, that the boys had not pelted it out of the world. He inquired its history of some elderly people, but all he could learn was, "It stood there before my time." The fact is, reverence for the antique is an acquired taste which can only be cultivated on some basis of knowledge. We ourselves recollect once introducing to a decent elderly woman the subject of Melrose Abbey, when she drily remarked: "Deed, it's a wretched like place." And another person of our acquaintance (a captain's wife), speaking of the ruins of Cardiff Castle, which she had

seen before the building was modernised by the Marquis of Bute, said it was "a place only fit for hobgoblins and such like."

While at Burgh, Mr. Hutton was mistaken for a quack doctor. At Drumbrough, further down the Solway Frith, he found there was no public-house within his reach, and so had to be beholden to the Christian charity of a kind inhabitant. "Money itself is of no use," he remarked, "when the thing we want cannot be purchased." A cruel farmer he here met gloried "that his sacrilegious fingers had destroyed such and such a part of the wall." Hutton hoped, in reply, that the next stone he disturbed might break his mattock, and begged that not one of them might be touched till his return. "He made a promise to my wish," our traveller tells us, "perhaps as binding as that of a lover."

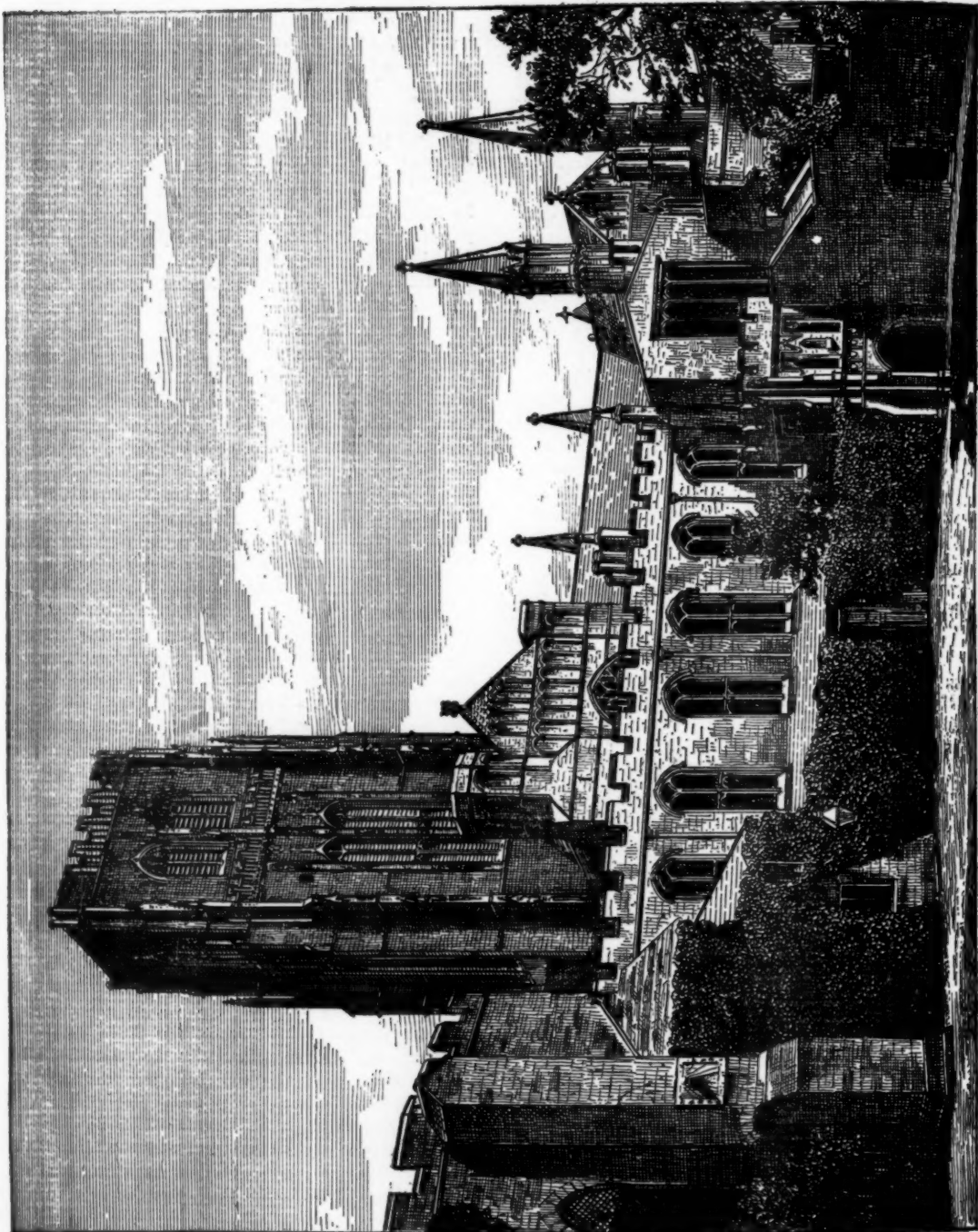
Near the close of the book, the author says:—"From the destruction of so large a part of these magnificent works, I fear I shall be the last author who shall describe them. Plunder is the order of the day. I wished to see Severus's works in a superior style, but am an age too late. They have suffered more during the last century than in the fifteen before it." Hutton could not possibly foresee the advent of a Bruce, but, in other respects, he speaks like one of the prophets.

Mr. Hutton rejoined his daughter at West Bank, a small sea-bathing place near Lancaster, where he had appointed to meet her. He rested at this place four days, and then by easy marches returned to Birmingham, which he reached on the 7th of August, 1801, after a loss, by perspiration, of a stone of animal weight, an expenditure of forty guineas, a lapse of thirty-five days, and a walk of six hundred and one miles. The stalwart old traveller walked the whole six hundred miles in one pair of shoes, and scarcely made a hole in his stockings.

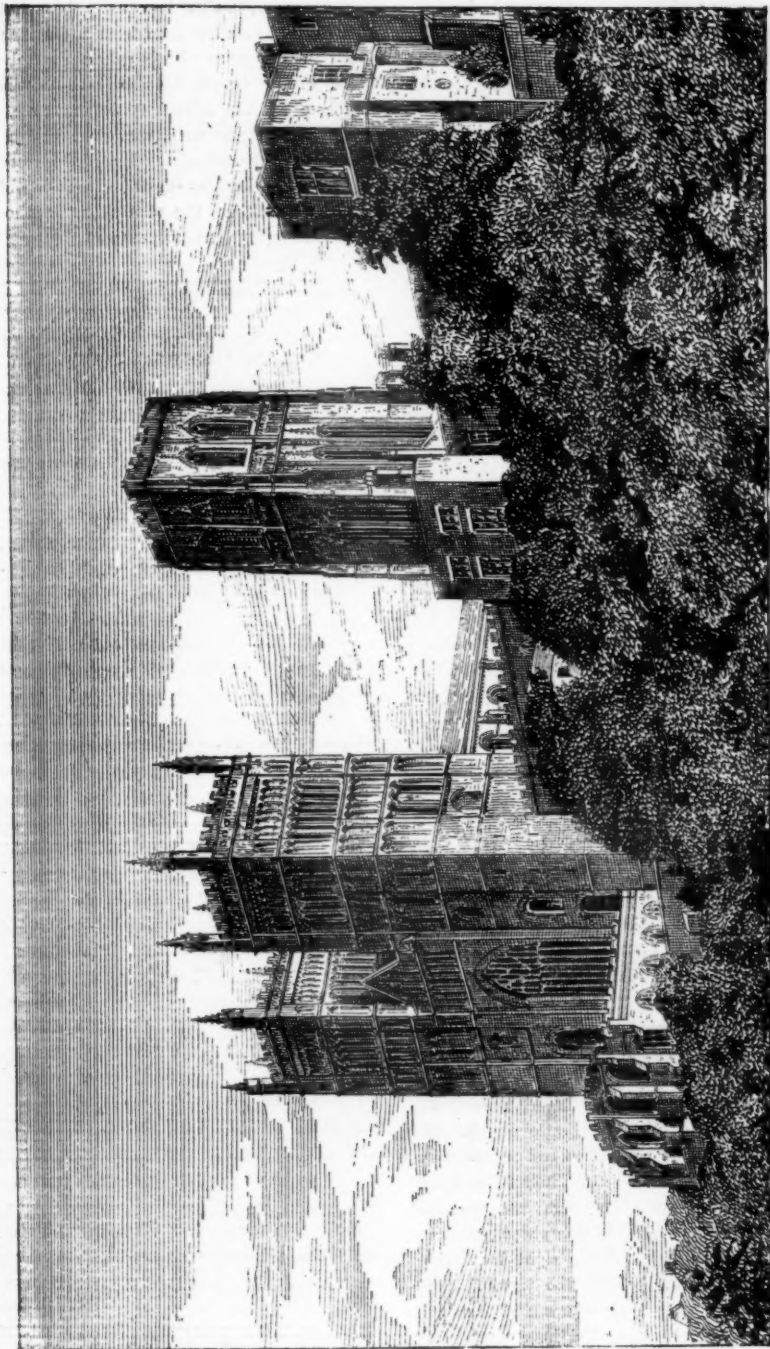
Durham Cathedral.

FOR picturesqueness of situation and for massive grandeur of effect there are few Cathedrals, if any, which can compare with that of Durham. An old writer* says of it: "This reverend aged Abby, advanced upon the shoulders of a mountainous Atlas, is so envyroned again with hilles, that he that hath seen the situation of this city hath seen the map of Sion, and may save a journey to the Holy Land." A later writer (Billings, 1843) says: "It is no easy matter to give a term conveying an adequate idea of the proportions or apparent size of the Cathedral; for, though less in height and width than others, its nave in particular has a grandeur of effect, derived from the

* Hogge: "Legend of St. Cuthbert." Reprint of 1816, p. 43.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL: FROM COLLEGE GREEN.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL : FROM THE SOUTH-WEST

simplicity and size of its various members, not surpassed, if equalled, by any; and King James was not far from giving a proper description when he offered to wrestle it against any other in the kingdom. If we except the addition of the Galilee and Chapel of the Nine Altars, its plan differs in nothing from the Norman design; and of that style of architecture it presents the most perfect and gigantic specimen in existence."

There are few who are unacquainted with the story of the wanderings of the monks of Lindisfarne with the body of St. Cuthbert, and of how at length they found a final resting-place for it on the lofty wooded peninsula of Dunholme, almost encircled by the waters of the winding Wear. The first shelter for the saintly remains was "an arbour rather than a church," made by the monks, "with extemporarie devotion," of boughs and branches of trees. It has been conjectured that the site of this erection was that now occupied by the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, in the Bailey, at the east end of the Cathedral; but Hegge rejects this as fabulous. The Church of Boughs was soon after replaced by one of timber, which lasted for three years, when, in 990, Aldwinus, the last Bishop of Chester-le-Street and the first of Durham, "raised up no small building of stone work for his Cathedrall, when all the people between Coqued and Teese were at work three yeares; and were paid for their pains with expectation of treasure in heaven: a very cheap way to pay workmen for their wages." (Hegge, p. 27.) For a hundred years this building stood. Then (1093) Bishop Carilef, "who thought that the church that Aldwin built was too little for so great a saint," having plucked it down, laid the foundation of a more ample building. Malcolm, King of Scotland, the Bishop, and Prior Turgot laid the three first stones, August 11th, 1093. The work thus commenced was carried on by the Bishop and his successors. By the year 1128, Bishop Flambard (the builder of Framwellgate Bridge) had finished the nave to the vaulting, also the walls to the aisles. About 1154 Bishop Pudsey built the Galilee Chapel. It was built especially for the use of women, who, owing to St. Cuthbert's well-known aversion to the sex, were debarred from entering the Cathedral itself. Bishop Pudsey it was who built Elvet Bridge, and who, by clearing away the buildings between the Cathedral and the Castle, formed the beautiful open space now called Castle Green. The Chapel of the Nine Altars, at the east end of the Cathedral, was built about 1275. In our illustration, which shows the south side of the Cathedral as seen from College Green, the south gable of this chapel, with its two great pinnacles, appears on the right hand side. The pinnacles of the north gable, the tops of which can be seen in our drawing, are much plainer and heavier than the southern two, and have a top-heavy and crushing effect on the delicate work they cap, being examples of injudicious modern restoration.

Here we must take our leave of this masterpiece of architecture, which is equally beautiful, whether examined in detail or seen from a distance as one grand harmonious mass. It is said that Robert de Rhodes, the worthy lawyer who gave to us the world-famous steeple of St. Nicholas in Newcastle, contemplated, and even commenced, a similar crown for the great centre tower of Durham, but died almost in its conception. It is hard to say whether it would have been an improvement, or the reverse, upon the massive four-square majesty it now presents.

R. J. C.

History of the Keel Row.

By John Stokor.

As aa cam' thro' Sand - gate, thro'

Sand - gate, thro' Sand - gate, As

aa cam' thro' Sand-gate, aa heard a las - sie

sing. Weel may the keel row, the

keel row, the keel row, Weel may the

keel row that my lad - die's in.

CHORUS.

An' weel may the keel row, the

keel row, the keel row, An' weel may the

keel row that my lad - die's in.

As as cam thro' Sandgate,
Thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
As as cam thro' Sandgate,
Aa heard a lassie sing—
Weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row
That my laddie's in.
An' weel may the keel row, &c.

He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple in his chin.
An' weel may the keel row, &c.

THERE are comparatively few melodies in existence at the present time, in England or Scotland, so thoroughly identified with a district as our simple and beautiful melody of "The Keel Row" is associated with Northumbria and Tyneside. Both melody and words have been claimed as Scottish; but, so far as we have been able to trace the history of this well-known and celebrated lyric, the claims of Northumberland for the parentage of "The Keel Row" are better founded than those of our friends across the Border. Knowing the interest attaching to the histories both of the song and of the melody, we submit the following evidence to the judgment of all who have either shared or witnessed the enthusiasm and delight with which Northumbrians, in all quarters of the globe and under all conditions of life, have listened to the song which before all others brings the banks of coaly Tyne and its once numerous fleet of keels so vividly to recollection.

For the tune itself, Mr. William Chappell, in his "Music of the Olden Time," vol. ii., page 721, says the earliest form in which he has observed it in print is as a country dance, entitled "Smiling Polly," under which name it appears in several of the collections of the last century, notably Thompson's "200 Country Dances," vol. ii., page 63 (1765). In the Antiquarian Society's collection of old melodies at the Castle in Newcastle, there is a manuscript book of tunes, dated 1774, belonging formerly to a noted musician of his time, John Baty, of Wark, where the melody appears under its present well-known title, and exactly as it is now sung and played. These dates are certainly anterior to the appearance of the tune in any Scottish collection. In Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum," 1797, volume v., page 438, the old song of "The Boatie Row" is set to four different tunes. One of these (to which "Nae Luck About the Hoose" is now sung) resembles the first part of "The Keel Row" in the first few bars only. The "Boatie Row" has always possessed its own particular tune, and had Johnson known of the existence of the song of "The Keel Row" he would certainly, without any scruple, have appropriated and inserted it in his work, as he did many others upon which the Scottish nation had no claim whatever. There is in the British Museum a book entitled "A Collection of Favourite Scots Tunes," by Charles

MacLean, and published at Edinburgh. The book has no date, but is marked in the Museum Catalogue "1770?" Dr. Laing, an authority on Scottish song, gives the date as 1778. There are only twenty-six tunes in the book, eight of which are not Scotch, and include the well-known Irish air "Aileen Aroon," and our Northumbrian pipe tune, "Jackey Layton," besides others. The title of our melody is "Weel may the Keel Row," and there are three variations of it. The appropriation of airs known to belong to other countries makes the title of MacLean's book a misnomer, and it may be more truly described as a collection of tunes that were favourites or popular in Scotland, irrespective of nationality. The value of the book as an authority is thus doubtful.

William Shield, the composer of "The Wolf," "The Thorn," "Old Towler," and many of our sweetest and most popular songs, published a work on the "Rudiments of Thorough Bass" about 1815, and made use of a few Northumbrian airs to illustrate his subject, the first and principal one being "The Keel Row" (page 35). Introducing these airs he says—"During my infancy I was taught to play and sing the following Airs, which were then called Border Tunes, and as many of my Subscribers Honour their native Counties, Durham, Westmorland, and Northumberland, for their gratification, and to augment the Collector's stock of printed rarities, these hitherto neglected Flights of Fancy may prove conspicuous in the group of National Melodies." Then follows "The Keel Row," set in different ways for piano, harp, voice, &c., and he adds in a foot-note, "This natural, simple Air is a universal favourite," &c. Now, Shield was born in 1749, began to learn the violin when six years of age, and appeared as a public performer on that instrument when nine years old. We may then fairly presume he was at that early period accustomed to play the tune. This granted, it would make "The Keel Row" a popular Tyneside melody before 1760. In Sykes's Local Records, volume ii., page 11, under date 3rd September, 1801, in recording the first shipment of coals from Percy Main Colliery at Whitehill Point Staiths, on the Tyne, it is stated that "a salute of artillery was fired and the band played 'The Keel Row.'" We read in the same volume, under date of 26th September, 1803, that at the opening of Jarrow Colliery, a part of the festivities consisted of "a general discharge of artillery, the band playing 'Weel may the Keel Row,' and other appropriate tunes." The popularity of the tune on Tyneside at the dates named is thus placed on indisputable record; and if the files of old Newcastle newspapers could be searched, no doubt mention would be found of the tune being used at similar public festivities, balls, &c., long anterior to these dates.

The evidence available as to the primary appearance or publication of the words of the song show still more clearly the probability of its Northumbrian origin.

Joseph Ritson, the celebrated authority on old ballads, and perhaps the most rigidly honest and reliable of all antiquarian collectors and publishers, found the song so popular in Northumberland before the close of last century that he included it in his collection of *Old Ballads* entitled "The Northumberland Garland," published in 1793. This was, so far as we have been able to ascertain, the first appearance of the song in print. John Bell followed suit in his "Rhymes of the Northern Bards," published in 1812, and included not only the original street rhyme, as printed by Ritson, but also the then popular local song written to the air by Thomas Thompson, a local poet of some distinction, who died in 1816. We give Thompson's song at the close of this article, as it is now almost as much identified with the tune as the original short rhyme.

The first publication of any of the Scottish versions of the ballad was in Cromeke's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," published 1810, and the next in "Jacobite Relics," two volumes, published in 1819-21, and edited by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. In each of these works it is stated to be the remnant of a Jacobite ballad, and was given by Allan Cunningham to Cromeke and to Hogg as such. Allan Cunningham himself, in 1825, published "The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern," in four volumes, and in volume iii., page 159, gives what he asserts to be the complete ballad. As it is essential to our purpose that both the relic and the complete Scottish or Jacobite ballad should be known, we therefore give them.

Cromeke's version is—

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

As I cam' down the Canno'gate,
The Canno'gate, the Canno'gate,
As I cam' down the Canno'gate,
I heard a lassie sing, O!
Merry may the keel rowe,
The keel rowe, the keel rowe,
Merry may the keel rowe,
The ship that my love's in, O!

My love has breath o' roses,
O' roses, o' roses,
Wi' arms o' lily posies,
To fauld a lassie in, O!
Merry may the keel rowe, &c.

My love he wears a bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
A snawy rose upon it,
A dimple on his chin, O!
Merry may the keel rowe, &c.

Allan Cunningham's so-called complete version of the song follows:—

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROWE.

As I came down through Cannobie,
Through Cannobie, through Cannobie,
The summer sun had shut his e'e,
And loud a lass did sing—O:
Ye westlin' winds all gently blow,
Ye seas soft as my wishes flow;
And merry may the *shallop* rowe
That my true love sails in—O.

My love has breath like roses sweet,
Like roses sweet, like roses sweet,
And arms like lilies dipt in weat,
To fold a maiden in—O.
There's not a wave that swells the sea
But bears a prayer or wish frae me,
O! soon may I my true love see,
Wi' his bauld bands again—O.

My lover wears a bonnet blue,
A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue,
A rose so white, a heart so true,
A dimple in his chin—O.
He bears a blade his foes have felt,
And nobles at his nod have knelt,
My heart will break as well as melt,
Should he ne'er come again—O.

Cunningham remarks upon the above—"An imperfect copy of this song found its way into Cromeke's 'Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.' . . . The picture of her love which the heroine draws seems to be that of the Pretender; at all events the white rose of the Stuarts marks it for a Jacobite song."

After noticing the dates of these several publications, we have now to deal with the compilers. Cromeke was well known to be utterly unreliable as an authority for the authenticity of any of the old songs in his book; in fact, when Chambers published his "Scottish Ballads," a few years later (1829), he writes of Cromeke as "the victim of the singular impostures of Allan Cunningham," and again, in another place, he states that "Allan Cunningham and James Hogg are but fallacious authorities to rest upon." Cunningham was well known as an able and successful imitator of old ballads, and we think there is fair presumptive evidence that, having somewhere heard or seen our Tyneside song, he first gave it to Cromeke as a fragment for publication, and then founded upon it the elaborate paraphrase which appears in his own collection as a professedly complete ballad, the process of building the latter up from our Tyneside street rhyme being, we think, distinctly traceable. It will also be seen that in the so-called perfect ballad the word "keel" is retained only in the title, and has disappeared altogether from the song itself, where it is replaced by the word "shallop." That the song has obtained great popularity in Scotland may be true enough; but we have no evidence of such popularity until comparatively late in the present century, and Chambers, in his "Songs of Scotland Prior to Burns," published about thirty years ago, does not include it in his collection, which no doubt he would have done had he not been suspicious of Cunningham's authorship, or if he had believed it to be a genuine Jacobite relic. A further significant and important reason for claiming "The Keel Row" as Northumbrian is the fact that nowhere else, except upon the Tyne and its sister river the Wear, are the peculiar and particular class of vessels called "keels" to be found.

Many of our local poets have from time to time essayed to mate our lively melody with appropriate words, with but comparatively small success. "The New Keel Row," written by Thomas Thompson, and published in

Bell's "Rhymes of the Northern Bards," 1812, is perhaps the best. In many instances, in both Scotch and English versions of the ballad, two verses of Thompson's song, which the reader can easily recognise, are incorporated in the original street rhyme. Mr. Thompson was the author of several celebrated local songs, the best of them being "Canny Newcastle," "Jemmy Johnson's Wherry," &c. We give his "Keel Row" *verbatim* from the original copy, printed 1812:—

THE NEW KEEL ROW.

By T. T.

TO THE OLD TUNE.

Who's like my Johnny,
Sae leish, sae blithe, sae bonny?
He's foremost 'mang the monny
Keel lads o' coaly Tyne.
He'll set or row so tightly,
Or in the dance so sprightly,
He'll cut and shuffle sightly;
'Tis true—were he not mine.

Weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row
That my laddie's in:
He wears a blue bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple in his chin.

He's ne mair learnin'
Than tells his weekly earnin',
Yet reet frae wrang discernin',
Though brave, ne bruiser he;
Tho' he no worth a plack is,
His awn coat on his back is,
And nane can say that black is
The white o' Johnny's e'e.

Each pay-day, nearly,
He takes his quairt right dearly,
Then talks O, latin O,—cheerly,
Or meevies jaws away.
How, caring not a feather,
Nelson and he together,
The springy French did lether,
And gar'd them shab away.

Were a' kings comparely,
In each I'd spy a fairly,
An' ay wad Johnny barly,
He gets sic bonny bairns.
Go bon, the queen, or misses,
But wad, for Johnny's kisses,
Luik upon as blisses
Scrimp meals, caff-beds, and dairns.

Wor lads, like their deddy,
To fight the French are ready,
But gie's a peace that's steady,
An' breed cheap as lang syne.
May a' the press-gangs perish,
Each lass her laddie cherish!
Lang may the Coal Trade flourish
Upon the dingy Tyne!

Breet Star o' Heaton,*
Your ay wour darling sweet'en,
May heaven's blessings leet on
Your lady, bairns, and ye.
God bless the King and Nation,
Each bravely fill his station;
Our canny Corporation,
Lang may they sing wi' me,
Weel may the keel row, &c.

* The "Bright Star of Heaton" was Sir Matthew White Ridley, of Heaton and Blagdon, who died in London in 1813, aged 67. He was great-grandfather of the present baronet, and was eight times elected Member of Parliament for Newcastle.

Cutty Soams.

PROBABLY the most dismal place in the universal world is the *goaf*—the sooty, cavernous void left in a coal mine after the removal of the coal. The actual terrors of this gloomy cavity, with its sinking roof, its upheaving or "creeping" floor, huge fragments of shale or "following stone" overhead, quivering, ready to fall, and its "blind passages that lead to nothing" and nowhere, save death to the hapless being who chanches to stray into them in the dark and lose his way, as in the Catacombs. These terrors formerly had superadded to them others of a yet more appalling nature—grim goblins that haunted the wastes, and either lured the unwary wanderer into them to certain destruction or issued from them to play mischievous pranks in the workings, tampering with the brattices so as to divert or stop the air currents, hiding the men's gear, blunting the hewers' picks, frightening the ponies and putters with dismal groans and growls, exhibiting deceptive blue lights, and every now and then choking scores of men and boys with after-damp in places where no one ever suspected the deadly presence of gas to be.

One of these spectres of the mine, now, like all his brethren, only a traditionary as well as a shadowy being, used to be known by the name of Cutty Soams. Belonging, of course, to the genus Boggle, he partook of the special nature of the Brownie. His disposition was purely mischievous, yet he condescended sometimes to do good in an indirect way. Thus he would occasionally bounce upon and thrash soundly some unpopular overman or deputy-viewer, and would often gratify his petty malignity at the expense of shabby owners, causing them vexatious outlay for which there would otherwise have been no need; but his special business and delight was to cut the traces, or "soams," by which the poor little assistant putters (sometimes girls) used then to be yoked to the wooden trams underground.

It was no uncommon thing in the morning when the men went down to work for them to find that Cutty Soams had been busy during the night, and that every pair of rope traces in the colliery had been cut to pieces. But no one ever, by any chance, saw the foul fiend. By many he was supposed to be the ghost of one of the poor fellows who had been killed in the pit at some time or other, and who came to warn his old marrows of some misfortune that was going to happen. Pits were laid idle many a day in the olden time through this cause alone. Cool-headed, rationalistic sceptics maintained that the cutting of the soams, instead of being the work of a disembodied evil spirit whom nobody had ever seen or could see, was that of some designing scoundrel.

As these mysterious soam cuttings, at a particular pit in Northumberland, in the neighbourhood of Callington, never occurred when the men were on the day shift, suspicion fell on one of the deputies, named Nelson, whose

turn to be on the night shift it always happened to be when there was any prank of the kind played. It was his duty to visit the cranes before the lads went down, and see that all things were in proper order; and it was he who usually made the discovery that the ropes had been cut. Having been openly accused of the deed by another man, his rival for the hand of a beautiful girl, daughter of the overman of the pit, Nelson, it would appear, resolved to compass his outspoken competitor's death by secretly cutting (all but a strand) the rope by which his intended victim was about to descend to the bottom. Owing to some cause or other, the person whose destruction was thus aimed at was not the first to go down the pit that morning; but other two men, the under-viewer and the overman, went first. The consequence was that they were precipitated down the shaft and dashed to pieces.

As a climax to this horrible catastrophe, the pit fired a few days afterwards, and tradition has it that Nelson was killed by the after-damp. Cutty Soams Colliery, as it had come to be nicknamed, never worked another day. To be sure, it was well-nigh exhausted of workable coal. So the owners, to make the best of a bad job, engaged some hardy fellows to bring the rails, trams, rolleys, and other valuable plant out of the doomed pit, a task which occupied them for several weeks, and then its mouth was filled up. The men removed to other collieries, and the deserted pit-row fell into ruins. Even the bare walls have long since disappeared. There is nothing left now to mark the site of the village, if we may believe our authority, Mr. W. P. Shield, "but a huge heap of rubbish, overgrown with rank weeds and furze bushes."

As for old Cutty Soams, he now finds no one to believe in his ever having existed, far less in his still existing or haunting any pit from Scremerston to West Auckland.

He's "vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision,"
His occupation gone—completed his last mission.
The light of science he disdained to brook,
And fled—when other phantoms "took their hook."

William Wealands Robson.

EARLY on the morning of Sunday, the 31st December, 1882, the people of Sunderland were very much shocked to learn that one of the most widely known gentlemen of the town, Mr. William Wealands Robson, solicitor, had been found drowned in the river Wear, shortly before midnight, on the previous evening. On Monday, New Year's Day, 1883, an inquest was held on the body, when the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." It appeared that Mr. Robson, who had left a house in High Street East between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, had fallen into the water at the Black Bull Quay, in the Low Street. Mr. Robson's remains were in-

terred on the following Wednesday in the Mere Knolls Cemetery, between Roker and Whitburn; and the funeral was attended by a large number of relatives and friends, including, besides almost all the members of the legal profession in Sunderland, a good many members of the Sunderland Town Council, the Gateshead and South Shields Highway Board, and the Monkwearmouth Burial Board, to which last two bodies he was clerk at the time of his death.

Mr. Robson (of whom we give a portrait from a sketch that appeared in a local publication some time ago) was born in Monkwearmouth, on the 22nd November, 1824. His father, who carried on business as a merchant in North Bridge Street, having his office at the corner of Bonner's Field, bore the same name and surnames as himself, and belonged to a family settled in that town for two and a half centuries. His progenitors came originally from Falstone, Fauston, or Faesten, in North Tynedale, which got its name, as is supposed, from its having been a "fastness" or fortalice of the Clan Robson in that wild district previous to the Union of the English and Scotch Crowns. The consequence of the latter event was to break up the clans on both sides of the Border; and tradition has it that a cadet of the family of the Laids of Faesten found his way to the banks of the Wear, settled in Monkwearmouth, and founded a family there. The Clan Robson, it may be well to state, claim to have derived their surname from Hroethbert, whose curiously carved tombstone, belonging to the seventh century, was dug up at Falstone about 1750, and is now to be seen in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries.

William Wealands stood in the seventh degree of descent from the first of the name that came to Monkwearmouth; and his mother was a member of the old Northumbrian family of Shields of Allendale. He received the elements of school education in his native town, partly, we believe, at Mr. Rea's Academy, where the notorious Lola Montez was for some time a pupil. He was sent to complete it at Newcastle, under the tuition of Dr. Bruce. Destined to be a "limb of the law," he was articled to the late Mr. Joseph John Wright, a solicitor of much local influence at that time, whose offices were in rooms over a shop at 19, High Street, Sunderland. When he had completed his articles, he commenced practice on his own account at 134, High Street, Bishopwearmouth, where he soon had a good business. His attainments as a lawyer were ere long admitted and recognised all over the North; and his genial warm-heartedness as a man made him a universal favourite wherever he was known. In 1848, he was an unsuccessful candidate for the town clerkship of Sunderland; but he did not take his defeat in the least degree to heart, and continued ever afterwards to be one of the warmest friends of Mr. William Snowball, the gentleman who defeated him. At the same time he was an excep-

tionally good hater, and no one could more strongly, tersely, and emphatically express his contempt for all cant, humbug, and upstart pride and presumption. In 1851, Mr. Robson was elected a representative of Monkwearmouth Ward, but at the end of his first term of office he retired in disgust from the Council, for which, as a deliberative and executive body, he had scarcely a grain of respect, whatever he might think of some of its members individually. One of his peculiarities was that he could not bend his mind to make a personal canvass in order to obtain any office. His professional pride was exceptionally strong, and it must be allowed that he was justified in entertaining it. The writer of an obituary notice of him in a local paper says:—"Naturally cool-headed, logical, and deliberate, he was an advocate whose pleading before the judge of a county court or the justices of a borough or county bench was of the most successful kind. For many years his practice of this description was very large in the neighbourhood of Sunderland, and his characteristic pose when bending over the solicitors' table addressing the court was familiar to everyone hereabouts concerned in the administration of the law. He had a keen appreciation of character, and it was not the least interesting part of his advocacy to see how judiciously he suited his conduct of a case to the composition of the Bench before him. How learnedly he would discourse and cite cases in addressing qualified magistrates, and how humorously and lightly he would gloss over offences when addressing magistrates who relished a smart witticism more than a nice legal argument! He was an indefatigable and methodical reader, and a memory of marvellous clearness and exactitude enabled him to store in the chambers of his brain and keep ready for use an immense body of knowledge in all branches of the law." But the memory of the ablest and most successful pleader in any of our local courts is, and ever in the nature of things must be, very short-lived; and though Mr. Robson's reputation as a lawyer was exceptionally high in the circle wherein he moved, it will, we believe, be on his extra-professional work, as a writer of fugitive papers, in which his style rivals Cobbett's in masculine pith and raciness, and on his amiable, not to say whimsical, eccentricities, that his lasting reputation will be founded. His contributions to the columns of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, under his favourite pseudonym of Jonathan Oldbuck, were certainly among the most readable things of the kind. Over his own name he was for several years a regular contributor to the *Weekly Chronicle*. In politics, Mr. Robson was a Whig of the old school, verging on Conservatism; but he took much less interest in the party squabbles of public men than many who were not nearly so well qualified, by nature, education, and surroundings, to sit in judgment upon them. In his latter years, he saw fit to join the Roman Catholic Church, but he had nothing of the bigot

in his disposition, and never thought of obtruding his private opinion upon others.

Mr. Robson took a deep interest in horse racing and the breeding of horses, but was no bettor or speculator on the turf, though familiarly acquainted with most of the sporting men of the last generation, including the famous Earl of Eglintoun, who got up the great tournament. One of his first visits to the Newcastle races was made in his seventeenth year, when he saw Mr. Orde's wonderful mare Beeswing win the Gold Cup—the eighteenth which she had won, and her forty-first prize—beating the almost equally famous horse Lanercost. He knew Mr. Thomas Dawson, who, as well as his son after him, achieved such a wide reputation as a trainer of race-horses at Middleham, near Richmond. He knew likewise that celebrated jockey, Tommy Lye, of whose exploits so many wonderful stories used to be told; and he wrote a biography of the clever little man, which appeared in *Bell's Life in London*, and attracted much attention.

Another of Mr. Robson's extra-professional fancies was the breeding of greyhounds and bulldogs. Indeed, he was, perhaps, the greatest greyhound fancier of the day. He was joint owner with Mr. Dixon, of Coxgreen, of two celebrated dogs, Admiral and Sylph, which won the Grand National Prize about the year 1850; and another dog which he owned and bred, named Deacon, ran second one year for the Waterloo Cup at Liverpool. He was first led to take an interest in bulldogs from a wish to originate a breed between them and the greyhound, partaking of the special qualities of both, that is to say, combining fleetness and elegance of form with keen scent and high courage; and this object he managed to accomplish to a great extent. One of the commonest sights in Sunderland was to see him setting out upon or returning from a long country ramble, accompanied by his favourite dogs. When a young man, he was a great pedestrian, and thought nothing of walking in a day to Morpeth and back, varying the route occasionally by going round by Blyth, and home in the evening by North and South Shields. A favourite walk of his in later years was over the Black Fell to Birtley, and home either by Chester-le-Street, on the one hand, or by Gateshead Fell, Usworth, and Hilton Castle, on the other. Indeed, there was scarcely a footpath, bridle road, or road of any kind, between the Wear and the Tyne, and as far west as Beamish and Ravensworth, that was not familiarly known to him; and when, as was once or twice the case, he found his progress stopped by a gate unwarrantably padlocked, or otherwise fastened or blocked, he never had the least hesitation in removing the obstruction and walking onwards, confident, if challenged, of being able to vindicate the public right. In the course of his walks he took in with a quick observant eye not only the state of the crops as he passed along, but everything else that was worth noticing, and it was a great treat to get

from him a lively account and description of what he had seen or met with in any one of his peregrinations. There is a cast metal figure of him and one of his favourite bulldogs, which is said to be a striking likeness of the quadruped as well as the biped. His love extended beyond horses and dogs to wild animals of every description. He utterly detested all pigeon and starling shooters, and idle fellows who recklessly destroyed sea-fowl. In a word, he was an ardent lover of Nature in all her phases.

One of his most unaccountable whims was that, while he regarded Newcastle as something approaching a model town, and its people as the pick of the English nation, he never lost an opportunity of scoffing at Bishopwearmouth, and likewise at Seaham Harbour, which he looked upon as places quite of a mushroom character. It was at one time his custom to pay Newcastle a visit every Saturday afternoon. When there on one of his weekly visits, a friend asked him if he had read Tennyson's new poem, then just out. "No," said he, "I never read new books—nothing under fifty years old."



WILLIAM WEALANDS ROBSON

He had a good knowledge of general history, and was particularly well acquainted with that of the Royal Stuarts, and the Jacobite Rebellions of 1715 and 1745, many traditions regarding which he had managed to gather up, and treasured in his memory, but, unfortunately, did not commit to writing. He had the Army List almost off by heart, or, at least, knew the numbers and achievements of all the crack regiments of the line, so that he might have matched Uncle Toby himself in apportioning to each its due meed of praise. Nothing ever delighted him more than to get into conversation with an intelligent old Peninsular officer, and listen to his remini-

scences of Talavera, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, or the Pyrenees. Under other auspices, he might have been an able strategist.

WILLIAM BROOKIE.

Chillingham Castle and Cattle.

CHILLINGHAM CASTLE was once the seat and manor of the heroic race of the Greys of Wark, and is now the possession and chief residence of the Bennets, Earls of Tankerville, the first of whom, Charles Lord Ossulton, married, in 1695, Lady Mary Grey, only daughter of Forde, Lord Grey of Wark, Viscount Grey of Glendale, and Earl of Tankerville, on whose demise he succeeded to the estates and afterwards to the earldom. It stands on a fine eminence, surrounded by trees, on the right bank of the river Till, which is about half a mile distant, and is sheltered towards the south-east by a rocky, mountainous ridge, the most elevated point of which is a crag called Rawes, Ras, or Ros Castle, on which, in former times, there used to be a beacon kindled to warn the country southward of an inroad of the Scots. The style of the building sufficiently indicates that Chillingham Castle, as it now exists, was erected after the union of the two Crowns, and at a period when the owner had no longer reason to dread any hostile incursion from the north side of the Tweed.

Strangers visit Chillingham chiefly for the sake of seeing the wild cattle which are kept in the park, and which are perhaps the only uncontaminated progeny now existing of the aboriginal British ox, formerly an inhabitant of many forest districts in Albion and Caledonia. Too fierce and pugnacious to be made subservient to man's will, they were hunted down and extirpated, except where preserved as curiosities. These Chillingham oxen are of a creamy white colour, much smaller than any of the domestic breeds except the Highland kyloe, of a graceful form, with sharp horns, which are not very long and not very much curved, but admirable for defence or attack. There is a vague tradition that they were originally enclosed here in the reign of King John or Henry III., when the park was first fenced round; but whether or not this tale be true, they seem to be of the genuine breed of the bovine family described by the Scottish historians, and similar in most characteristics, except size, to the urus which anciently inhabited the forests of Central Europe. They are shy, swift, and savage, and dangerous when exasperated, and many thrilling stories are told of marvellous escapes from their fury.

There is a remarkable chimney-piece in one of the rooms of the castle. When the men were sawing the stone for it, they are said to have found a cavity containing a living toad, as testified by the *nidus* still to be seen, and by a rude painting of a toad upon



CHILLINGHAM CASTLE.

a wooden tablet, which the late Dr. Raine was inclined to believe must have been painted by John Warburton, Somerset Herald in the College of Arms, who had an active hand in forming the military road along the line of the Roman Wall between Newcastle and Carlisle, who published a map of Northumberland in 1716 and who was notoriously addicted to that wretched habit of mystification which disgraced many of the antiquaries of last century. An elaborate Latin inscription, equally apocryphal, the same competent authority was inclined to attribute, not to Bishop Cosin, as had long been supposed, but to Robert Thorp, vicar of Chillingham, and afterwards Archdeacon of Northumberland, extensively known in the learned world as the author of an elaborate commentary on Newton's "Principia." We read that the other part of the slab from which the chimney-piece is formed was long preserved in Horton Castle, another seat of the Greys, a few miles from Wooler; but of that once strong fortalice scarcely any remains now exist.

Camilla of the White House.

A popular periodical published the tradition we print below about half a century ago. The "White House" therein referred to is not far from Springwell Colliery, and is thus mentioned in Surtees's History of Durham:—"White House stands on the edge of Gateshead Fell, to the south of High Heworth. This is a leasehold estate under the church of Durham, and was successively the seat of the Jennisons and the Colvilles. It afterwards passed by purchase to John Stafford, and was alienated by his grandson, John Stafford, Esq., to Richard Scruton, of Durham, Esq. The house occupying the high ground betwixt the vales of the Wear and Tyne commands a very varied and extensive prospect over the estuary of both rivers, with the castles of Tynemouth and Hylton in the distance." In Mackenzie and Ross's History (1834) it is stated to have been the residence of Mr. John Dobson, of Gateshead, solicitor. In 1856, Mr. R. C. Forster, land agent, was in possession of it, and it is now occupied by his son. Debrett's "Peerage" records that Charles, second Earl of Tankerville, married Camilla, daughter of Edward Colville, Esq., of White House, county of Durham. The countess died in 1775, at the age, it is said, of 105, which in all probability is incorrect, as it would place her birth five years antecedent to that of her husband's father, who was born in 1675, and died in 1722.

In the early part of the last century, Edward Colville, who had realised a competency as a butcher and grazier, resided in a mansion called the White House, which may still be seen in the vicinity of Gateshead. The respectability of his character, and the style in which he lived, were such as to admit of his daughter Camilla attending

the assize balls in Newcastle, though these were then fully as exclusive as they are at present. Gifted by nature with an elegant person, and with some advantages of education, Camilla was a young lady eminently qualified to grace those assemblages. It is not, therefore, surprising, that at one of them she had the good fortune to attract the attention of a young nobleman, Lord Ossulston, the eldest son of the Earl of Tankerville. It occasioned no small flutter in the room when this gentleman, after the proper formalities, requested of Miss Colville the honour of being allowed to walk a minute with her. She blushing consented, and rarely had the ball-room of Newcastle exhibited a more striking display of graceful movement than what was displayed while this stately dance was in the course of being performed. Lord Ossulston was charmed beyond all measure by the beauty of his partner, and, as he handed her to her carriage, or whatever other conveyance her father's fortune allowed of, he only vowed that the first should not be the last night of their acquaintance.

The next day beheld the heir of the house of Tankerville, at an hour which now would be considered preposterously early, calling at the White House to pay his respects to its fair tenant. Next day, and the next again, he renewed his visits; and, in short, his attention became so conspicuous, that the young lady's father, from being simply flattered by the notice of a person of rank, began to fear that feelings might arise between the parties which would only lead to disappointment. Perhaps he had even graver fears, which any one acquainted with the maxim of the gentlemen of that age will not deem to have been at all unreasonable. It was only in the immediately ensuing age that Richardson drew the character of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. He therefore made some efforts to keep Lord Ossulston out of the company of his daughter, but with no great success. Denied admittance to the house, the young noble could still beset her when she went abroad, seat himself near her at church, and get insinuated into any little social party where she was expected. Mr. Colville at length saw it to be necessary to take very decided measures, and he resolved to place the young lady for some time in a new and distant home. A relation of his had been long settled as a merchant in Holland. In the hands of that gentleman he thought she would be quite safe from Lord Ossulston's addresses. He had also very opportunely a friend who conducted a vessel of his own regularly between South Shields and the ports of Holland and the North of France. By means of this friend it was comparatively an easy matter to get the young lady conveyed to her new home. It may here be remarked, that the shipowners, who in those days navigated their own vessels from South Shields, were a highly respectable class of men, generally possessing good education and manners, and living, when at home, in a style of considerable

dignity. Amongst the descendants of more than one of them might be found members of both Houses of Parliament. They took the name of captain, and had, we believe, some solid grounds for doing so; as trading beyond certain latitudes and longitudes specified by Queen Elizabeth gave masters of merchant vessels a modified permission to assume that title. Captain Aubane readily entered into the views of his friend Colville, and undertook to convey the young lady in safety to her relative in Rotterdam. She was, accordingly, conducted in the most private manner to South Shields, and put on board his vessel.

The voyage passed in safety: Camilla was consigned to her father's Dutch friend; and Captain Aubane returned with the pleasing intelligence that all was safe. If Mr. Colville, however, believed that Lord Ossulston had been "thrown out" he was mistaken; for, before many weeks had elapsed, his lordship made his appearance in Rotterdam, and became as troublesome to the family who had charge of his mistress as he had formerly been to her father. The Linden Walks lent their shade to certain meetings of the lovers, and, when such meetings were denied, his lordship made signals of affection from the street, which Camilla could furtively read in the friendly mirror projecting from the parlour window. The Dutch friend now became more distressingly alarmed than ever the father had been, in so far as a responsibility for interests of another is more harassing than responsibility for interests of one's own. He therefore resolved to get quit as soon as possible of his fair but perilous charge. Captain Aubane, ere long, returned to Rotterdam for another cargo, and, when he was about to sail, Camilla was once more put on board his vessel.

Behold the Belle of Newcastle again at sea. But now it was with very different feelings that she crossed the German Ocean; and for this change there was no doubt good cause. The Dutch coast had for a day been lost in the blue distance; sea and sky were the boundaries of the sailors' sight; and honest Aubane was congratulating himself on the prospect of soon committing Miss Colville in safety to her father's keeping, when, descending into the cabin, how was he astonished to behold, kneeling at her feet, that very Lord Ossulston who was the cause of all his apprehensions, and whom he supposed to have been left lamenting on the quay at Rotterdam! He soon learned that the lover had contrived, by the connivance of a sailor, and, doubtless, with the concurrence of his mistress, to secrete himself on board the vessel a little while before it sailed. It was too late to think of returning to the Dutch harbour to put Lord Ossulston ashore; but, in allowing him to proceed on the voyage, Aubane resolved to make him as little the better of his contrivance as possible. Exerting the authority which his position gave him, he commanded the young lord to withdraw from the cabin, and not to appear there again unless in his company,

and by his express permission. He also stipulated that, whilst he was himself on deck upon duty, Lord Ossulston, to make sure of obedience to the rules, should remain beside him, at whatever time of day or night, and under whatever circumstances of weather. The lover found himself compelled to submit to all these restrictions; but the privilege of seeing his mistress once a day, even in the presence of a third party, served in no small degree to reconcile him to their strictness.

In the course of the voyage, which was not a short one, the heir of Tankerville made a more favourable impression on the mind of Aubane than he had done on the less enlightened and more jealous nature of the young lady's father. Aubane became convinced that, however frivolous or otherwise objectionable might have been the feelings with which he at first regarded Camilla, he was now inspired by an honourable affection. He was also induced to believe the young man when he protested, in the most earnest manner, that the future happiness of his life depended on his obtaining the hand of Miss Colville. The South Shields shipowner did not, indeed, like the idea of encouraging a young nobleman in an object which must be regarded with dislike by his father and other relations; but on this point also his scruples were at length overcome, doubtless by persuasives strictly honourable. The consequence was that, on arriving at South Shields, he allowed Lord Ossulston to become an inmate of his house in company with Camilla, until the consent of her father was obtained, and the necessary preparations were made for their marriage. With respect to the feelings of the lover's family, tradition is silent: we may well believe that they were not favourable, for the union of the pair is known to have taken place at Jarrow Church, the ancient seat of the Venerable Bede.

After the ceremony the pair took up their residence with the lady's father at Gateshead, where they resided for some years. At length the death of his father made Lord Ossulston Earl of Tankerville, the second of the title; and Camilla Colville, as Countess, became entitled to the chief seat in the splendid halls of Chillingham Castle. Our heroine was afterwards one of the ladies of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline, the consort of George II. She played her part as peeress with due dignity and spirit, and continued, long after being the mother of three children, to be one of the most beautiful women at the English Court.

A Remarkable Accident.

NOT fewer than 1,300 workmen were at one time employed in the construction of the High Level Bridge across the Tyne. Amongst them was a man named John Smith, a ship carpenter, who, finding work slack at his own vocation, accepted an

engagement at the High Level. To him a remarkable accident occurred on July 28, 1849. While at work he stepped upon a loose plank, which canted over, and he was thrown headlong from the bridge. In his descent, the leg of his trousers caught a large nail which had been driven into the timber just upon the level of the lower roadway, 90 feet above the river, where he hung suspended for a considerable time until rescued by his fellow-workmen. Doubtless Smith owed his marvellous escape to the toughness and strength of the fustian trousers he wore at the time; and a well-known firm of Newcastle clothiers, long since retired from business, asserted in one of their advertisements that the wonderful "fustians" had been made and purchased at their establishment. Smith, however, contradicted this assertion through the local papers, giving the name and address of the tradesman who had supplied him with the "lucky bags" in question. We are sorry to have to add that poor Smith was killed by an accident after all. Falling down a ship's hold in the Tyne early in 1878, he died soon after from the injuries he then received. Shortly after his providential escape on the High Level, Mr. Smith was induced to join the Wesleyans, and it was not long ere he became one of the most valued local preachers in that body. Mr. Smith had been asked by a minister to occupy his pulpit on the Sunday, but he declined, on the ground that he had been working hard and needed rest. On that very day he died from the result of the accident we have mentioned.

A Gateshead Anchoret.

IN 1846, a discovery was made by the Rev. James Raine, of Durham (amongst the MS. Registers of the See), of a license granted by Bishop Bury, in the year 1340, for "the selecting and assigning of a fit space in the cemetery of the Church of the Blessed Mary, at Gateshead, contiguous to the church itself, to build on the same for the residence and habitation of a certain female anchoret, to be shut up therein, provided the goodwill and consent of the rector and parishioners should be given to the same." A copy of the above-named document was read at the anniversary meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne by the Rev. John Collinson, formerly rector of Gateshead.

Anchorages were formerly no uncommon appendages to parish churches; and it has been stated that the female anchorets were in the habit of turning their cells into schools for girls—the teacher sitting at the anchorage window, and the scholars in the porch. Sometimes the anchorets were walled up (they were always shut up), the seal of the bishop being placed on the anchorage, not to be removed unless the recluse had need of medical aid or assistance. It has been suggested that

Dames' Schools may have been indebted to this ancient custom. We read of one old lady in Newcastle living very like a hermit in the old tower on the Croft Stairs, who kept a Dame School all her life, and up to the day of her death in her 103rd year!

Anchorages (besides serving other uses) seem to have been a sort of "gossiping shops" for our ancestors—in fact, as has been humorously remarked, "banks of deposit and issue, where reports and rumours were received, and whence they were retailed with interest." Some four centuries ago, the date of one Joan Dolphanby's baptism being in question, a witness deposed that he remembered well that on the vigil of the day (which was St. Michael's) he returned from foreign parts, and went to Gateshead Church, where he stood "announcing and revealing the rumours of beyond seas to his neighbours."

The Gateshead Anchorage appears to have been a school previous to the year 1693, and prior to Rector Theophilus Pickering's will of 1701, bequeathing £300 for the maintenance of the Free School, and directing that "the master should teach or be ready to teach all the children of the parish of Gateshead the Latin and Greek tongues, as also to write and cast up accounts, and also the art of navigation and plain sailing." The Rev. John Baillie, in his "Impartial History of Newcastle," 1801, p. 547 (following Brand's supposition), in referring to the charity school "founded" by Mr. Pickering in 1701, states—"Its site is in Gateshead Churchyard, on a spot of ground called the Anchorage. This term is likely corrupted from *Anchorage* or *Hermitage*, the residence, probably, of a hermit or anchorage there. We are assured there was a hermitage upon Tyne Bridge."

S. F. LONGSTAFFE, Norton.

All references to a "recluse," "anchoret," "hermitage," "chapel," &c., upon Tyne Bridge are, I think, referable to the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, which is frequently described in ancient documents as standing "upon" the bridge, though in reality forming the north end of it.

1. The Recluse or Anchoret. Brand, in his "History of Newcastle," i., 43, writes:—"In the year 1429 a recluse appears to have lived in a hermitage upon Tyne Bridge, and was appointed by Roger Thornton in his will one of the thirty priests he had ordered to sing for his soul, &c." Brand does not state his authority for placing the recluse in "a hermitage upon Tyne Bridge," and there is nothing at all about the abode of that solitary personage in Roger Thornton's will. Dr. Rock, an eminent Catholic authority on the subject, states that an anchoret was generally under a life vow never to go beyond the precincts of the church to which he was attached. It may well be that the Newcastle anchoret was attached to the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, and that is the nearest approach to the Bridge we can obtain for him.

2. Hermitage. Brand is again the authority for the use of the word hermitage in connexion with Tyne Bridge. In a foot note to the page quoted above he states: "That there was a hermitage on this bridge anciently appears from a deed remaining in the archives of the Corporation of Newcastle, dated November 20th, 1643," which may mean that in that year, a century after the Reformation, the crypt of St. Thomas's was let for cellarage under the name of the Hermitage. As it stands, the quotation proves nothing.

3. Chapel. The "Chapel on Tyne Bridge," it cannot be doubted, was the chantry of the Virgin at St. Thomas's. Frequent reference to it as the Chapel of our Lady "in the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket" occurs in local history.

Without any pressing desire to advertise my own work, I may perhaps be permitted to add that, in the first volume of my "History of Newcastle and Gateshead" Roger Thornton's will is printed verbatim, and that in the second volume, between pages 142 and 239, are long descriptions of the churches and religious establishments existing in Newcastle at the time of the suppression—with lists of their incumbents, occupants, possessions, value, &c. Neither there nor anywhere else that I was able to discover is any mention made of a separate religious abode (or another chapel) upon Tyne Bridge, beyond the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket.

RICHARD WELFORD, Newcastle.

John Cunningham.

JOHNN CUNNINGHAM, the pastoral poet whose name and fame will for ever be identified with Newcastle, was born in Dublin in 1729, of parents who originally belonged to Scotland, but removed in early life to Ireland. His father, who was a wine-cooper, was so unfortunate as to win a prize in a lottery, which made him forsake his trade and turn wine merchant. The speculation turned out ill, for he soon became a bankrupt, and one consequence of this was that his son John, whom he had sent to receive his education at the Grammar School of Drogheda, had to be recalled home. Only half educated, and having no regular employment, he had naturally contracted idle habits. He began to frequent the theatre, associated with the players, and at the age of seventeen came out as a dramatic writer, having produced a play called "Love in a Mist, or the Lass of Spirit," which was acted on the Dublin (and afterwards the Newcastle) boards. He had now free access to the theatre, and spent a deal of his time in the green-room. He was fired with a boyish ambition to "tread the stage," though he brought to the trial scarcely a single qualification but willingness. He lacked the assurance necessary to a good actor; his voice was so unmusical as

to be offensive to the ear; and his ungainly figure proved an insurmountable obstacle to his success. Yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, he made an engagement with an itinerant manager, and came over with him to England. After following his strolling profession for some time, he became convinced that he had taken an imprudent step; but the stirrings of pride and the dread of a state of dependence prevented him, in the first place, from returning home; and afterwards, receiving intelligence of his father's death, he had no alternative but to stick to the poor vocation he had chosen, which he accordingly did to the end of his life.

The company of which Cunningham was a member played mostly in the North of England—at York, Newcastle, Sunderland, Shields, Alnwick, and other places. His range of parts was very limited, his strength (such as he had) consisting in the representation of eccentric Frenchmen. In 1761, he got an engagement in Edinburgh, at one of the minor theatres there, situate in the Canongate, and managed by a Mr. Love. Here he began to give evidence of his poetical ability, having published several fugitive or "occasional" pieces of considerable merit. These brought him under the notice of men of letters, and led to his receiving an invitation from a London bookseller, who offered to employ him in some literary work. He left Scotland with that design; but on reaching the great metropolis found he had made another serious mistake, for the bookseller who had engaged him almost immediately became a bankrupt. Poor Cunningham found his way back to the North as quickly as he could, and again joined the company he had left.

About this period the manager of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal was a man named Digges, who was fortunately able to appreciate the genius of our unlucky son of Thespis. Cunningham now wrote, as occasion served, prologues and epilogues, which were spoken by Mr. Digges, and his favourite actress, Miss Bellaney, to celebrate whose beauty he also exerted himself, making her the heroine of several pretty little poems. At length, however, for some reason or other unexplained, he left the Scottish capital, and took up his residence at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a place to which he seems to have been greatly attached, and which he usually called his home. By his theatrical labours here and in the neighbouring towns, and the support he received from the wealthier classes, who admired his poetical gifts, he managed to procure a very modest yet sufficient livelihood. He eked out his other earnings and emoluments by writing short notices and trifles in verse for the *Newcastle Chronicle*, whose editor and publisher, Mr. Thomas Slack, repaid him in the most kindly way, his door being ever open to him in his difficulties.

In 1766, Cunningham collected his scattered poems into an octavo volume, which was published by subscription. He was strongly advised by his best friends to dedicate

it to the celebrated Mrs. Montagu, of Denton Hall. But the poet preferred to lay it at the feet of David Garrick, then in the meridian of his fame, in the hope, doubtless, that the British Roscius would take his humbler brother of the sock and buskin kindly by the hand. But this hope, if really entertained, was miserably disappointed. Cunningham walked up to London to present the great man with a copy of his poems elegantly bound. According to Cromek, he saw the object of his idolatry, who accorded him an audience with the air of an Eastern Sultan, and treated him "in the most humiliating and scurvy manner imaginable," behaving to him as to a common beggar, and dismissing him with an eleemosynary gift of a couple of guineas, accompanied by this remark, "Players, sir, as well as poets, are always poor!" The blow, as Mr. White tells us in his memoir of Cunningham, contributed to Richardson's "Local Historian's Table Book," was too severe for the poet; "he was so confused at the time that he had not the use of his faculties; and, indeed, he never recollected that he ought to have spurned the offer till his best friend, Mrs. Slack, of Newcastle, reminded him of it by giving him a sound box on the ear, when he returned once more beneath her hospitable roof and related his pitiful story." It is said he never altogether recovered from the shock of this woeful disappointment, which dashed rudely to the ground all his brilliant castles in the air. He began at the same time to lose his self-respect, and became too conspicuously a haunter of low taverns. He was never what could be called a confirmed drunkard, or even a habitual tippler; but he gave way too often to the temptation to "drown dull care," grew quite careless of his personal appearance, put on prematurely the aspect of great age, and could not be roused out of lethargic despondence by any friendly remonstrance or encouragement.

Down to within three months of his death, however, he continued to perform at the several theatres in what used to be called the northern circuit. He took his last benefit at Darlington, on the 20th of June, 1773. He was then, as he wrote to Mr. Slack, "very poorly," and he soon afterwards returned to Newcastle, there to end his days. He had for some time been subject to a painful nervous disorder, superadded to consumption, which ultimately carried him off. From some cause, which cannot now be ascertained, he quitted Mr. Slack's house, which had become a sort of home to him, a short while before he died. Still, that gentleman's liberality, to his honour be it said, was never withheld from the hapless bard, who, in some verses written about three weeks previous to his death, and quoted below, alluded very touchingly to his own forlorn condition, and also to the bounty bestowed on him by his benefactor. He died in the lodgings to which he had removed, in Union Street (now replaced by the Town Hall), where his landlady, a Mrs.

Douglass, occupied the third shop and house from the Bigg Market.

He had always been averse to having his portrait taken; but a few days before he died, as he was dragging his frail frame about the vicinity of his residence, Bewick, the famous engraver, "walked after him, stopped, loitered behind, repassed him, and in this manner obtained a sketch of the dying bard." The poet



is represented carrying in his hand a handkerchief, or rather the remains of one, containing a herring and some other small matter of food.

His corpse was laid in St. John's Churchyard, in presence of a large concourse of friends and acquaintances, and shortly afterwards a broad horizontal stone was placed over his grave, at the expense of Mr. Slack. It bore this inscription:—

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.
OF HIS EXCELLENCE AS A PASTORAL POET
HIS WORKS WILL REMAIN A MONUMENT FOR
AGES AFTER THIS TEMPORARY TRIBUTE OF
ESTEEM IS IN DUST FORGOTTEN. HE DIED IN
NEWCASTLE, SEPTEMBER 18, 1773, AGED 44.

"HE GATHERED HIS ESSENCE OF SIMPLICITY,
AND 'RANG'D IT IN PASTORAL VERSE.'"

It will be seen from the following quotation from the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of July 1, 1865, that the memorial erected by Mr. Slack was, twenty-two years ago, supplemented by a stained glass window:—"The monument is not yet dust, but it is in decay; and the attention of the present proprietor of the

Newcastle Chronicle having been called to its condition, with a suggestion that the insertion of a memorial window in the church might be preferable to a restoration of the stone, he acceded to the proposal, and a commission was given to Mr. H. M. Barnett, of the Stained Glass Works, Albert Terrace, Newcastle. The commission is now executed. The window occupies the place assigned to it on the east side of the south transept, its three lights being filled with figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and at the foot there is the following inscription:—"In memory of John Cunningham, the pastoral poet, a native of Dublin, who died in Newcastle, September 18, 1773, aged 44 years, and was interred in the adjoining burial-ground. A frequent contributor, from its commencement in 1764, to the *Newcastle Chronicle*, in which most of his poems originally appeared, its grateful founder, Thomas Slack, placed a monumental stone over his grave, now falling into decay; and this memorial is erected by the present proprietor of the *Chronicle*, Joseph Cowen the Younger, of Blaydon-on-Tyne."

Cunningham's song in praise of Newcastle beer is one of the most spirited pieces of the kind in the language. Here it is:—

When Fame brought the news of Great Britain's success,
And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat,
Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express
To summon the Deities all to a treat.

Blithe Comus was placed
To guide the gay feast,
And freely declared there was choice of good cheer,
Yet vowed, to his thinking,
For exquisite drinking,
Their Nectar was nothing to Newcastle Beer.

The great god of war, to encourage the fun,
And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,
Sent a message that moment to Moor's* for a tun
Of stingo, the stoutest, the brightest, and best.

No gods—they all swore—
Regaled so before
With liquor so lively, so potent, and clear
And each deified fellow
Got jovially mellow
In honour, brave boys, of our Newcastle Beer.

Apollo, perceiving his talents refine,
Repents he drank Helicon water so long;
He bowed, being asked by the musical Nine,
And gave the gay board an extempore song.

But ere he began,
He toss'd off his can—
There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear—
Then sang with great merit
The flavour and spirit
His godship had found in our Newcastle Beer.

'Twas stingo like this made Alcides so bold;
It braced up his nerves, and enliven'd his powers,
And his mystical club that did wonders of old
Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as ours.

The horrible crew
That Hercules slew
Were Poverty, Calumny, Trouble, and Fear;
Such a club would you borrow
To drive away sorrow,
Apply for a jorum of Newcastle Beer.

* Moor's, at the sign of the Sun, Newcastle.

Ye youngsters so diffident, languid, and pale,
Whom love, like the colic, so rudely infests,
Take a cordial of this, 'twill *probatum* prevail,
And drive the cur Cupid away from your breasts.

Dull whining despise,
Grow rosy and wise,
Nor longer the jest of good fellows appear,
Bid adieu to your folly,
Get drunk and be jolly,
And smoke o'er a tankard of Newcastle Beer.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom *physic* prescribes,
Whom bolus and potion have harassed to death,
Ye wretches whom *law* and her ill-looking tribes
Have hunted about till you're quite out of breath,

Here's shelter and ease,
No craving for fees,
No danger—no doctor—no bailiff is near;
Your spirits this raises,
It cures your diseases;
There's freedom and health in our Newcastle Beer.

But the best known of all his productions is the following exquisite lyric, entitled "May Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen":—

The silver moon's enamoured beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go balmy sleep
(Tis where you've seldom been),
May's vigil whilst the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats
And hail the maid I love.
And see! the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green;
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love.
For see! the rosy May draws nigh,
She claims a virgin queen;
And, hark! the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

The last stanzas Cunningham penned—"The Withered Rose"—are quoted, not for their intrinsic merit, but to show the bent of his mind in his dark days:—

Sweet object of the zephyr's kiss,
Come, Rose, come courted to my bower!
Queen of the banks, the garden's bliss,
Come and abash yon tawdry flower.

"Why call us to revoltless doom?"
With grief the opening buds reply;
"Not suffer'd to extend our bloom—
Scarce born, alas! before we die.

"Man having pass'd appointed years,
Ours are but days—the scene must close;
And when Fate's messenger appears,
What is he but a withering rose?"

In a note to the song of May Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen, in Johnson's "Musical Museum," Burns tells

the following anecdote of the poor player:—A fat dignitary of the Church coming past Cunningham one Sunday as he was busy plying a fishing rod in some stream near Durham, reprimanded him very severely for such an occupation on such a day. The poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manner which was his peculiar characteristic, replied that he hoped God and his reverence would forgive his seeming profanation of that sacred day, as he had no dinner to eat but what lay at the bottom of that pool! Mr. Woods, the actor, who knew Cunningham well and esteemed him much, assured Burns that this story was true.

When Cunningham had money, he gave it away to people in distress, leaving himself penniless. His kind protectress, Mrs. Slack, used to empty his pockets before he went out of the little that was in them, as we take halfpence from a schoolboy to prevent him from buying unwholesome trash.

Unobtrusive, inoffensive, of a shy, retiring turn of mind, deficient in energy, and with little enthusiasm, but a faithful friend; gifted with an active fancy, a fine ear, and a happy flow of language; strange to say, no lover of children, nor a favourite with the young; indifferent to fame, yet proud of his profession; a sweet poet, an indifferent player; not one of the servile herd of imitators, yet no great creative genius; a close observer of nature, but rather a poor judge of men—such was John Cunningham.

The poet's gravestone has fallen more and more into decay: so that a movement has lately been commenced to restore it by public subscription. Our sketch shows its present condition.



Paradise and the Flood.

ACCORDING to Dr. Bruce's "Hand-Book of Newcastle," a man named Adam Thompson was put into the witness-box at the Assizes. The counsel, on asking his name, received for answer, "Adam, sor; Adam Thompson." The next question was, "Where do you live?" "At Paradise, sor." (Paradise is a village about a mile and a half west of Newcastle.) The barrister, surprised at the answer, asked in a quizzical tone, "And how long have you dwelt in Paradise, Mr. Thompson?" "Ever since the Flood, sor," was the answer—an answer which, though perfectly intelligible to most of the bystanders, astounded the questioner. The flood the witness had in his mind was, of course, the great flood of 1771, which destroyed the old Tyne Bridge.

WALTER WORTHY, Newcastle.

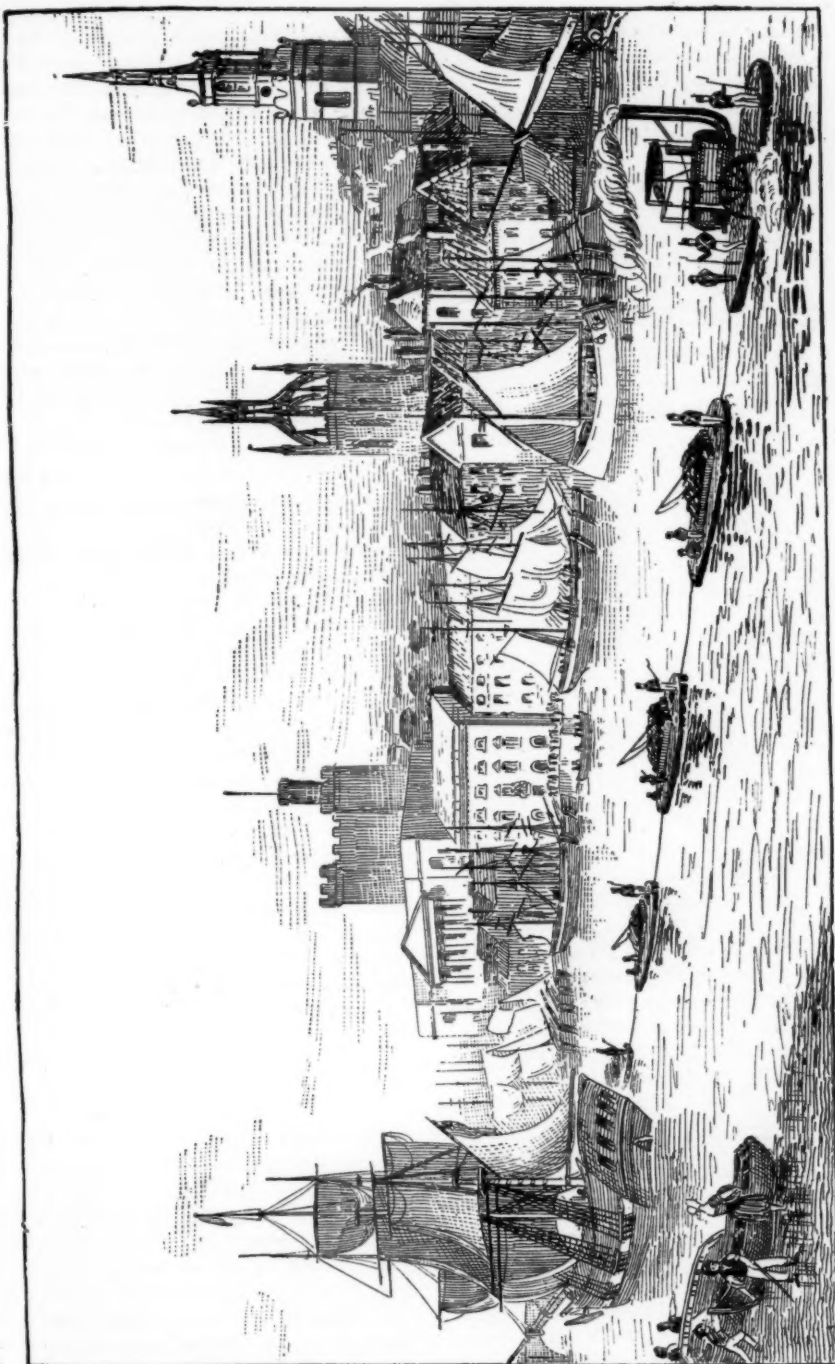
This old story, which has been current on Tyneside for two or three generations, does not appear to have any absolute foundation in fact. It was probably, like the story of the chare feet (see page 181), set afloat by some young barrister when attending the Northern Circuit. So far as we are aware, there is no authority for it apart from popular tradition.

EDITOR.

The Keelmen's Strike, 1822.

THERE was a great strike of keelmen on the Tyne in 1822. During the rupture it was with difficulty that coals could be conveyed down the river, owing to the opposition of the strikers. Matters came to such a pass that the military were called to the aid of the civil authorities, and at times the affair had a very serious aspect.

As may be seen from the drawing given on page 281, extraordinary measures were necessary in order to protect the property of the coalowners. A locomotive, invented and built by William Hedley, at Wylam, in 1812 and 1813, was, after running constantly on the Wylam Colliery line, temporarily converted by him into a sort of steam-tug, and employed to take keels down the river. On the steamboat, as shown in the picture, were stationed a couple of soldiers, musket in hand, ready for any emergency, while other soldiers guarded the keels. A unique procession for Father Tyne to witness! One or two persons in the left corner of the drawing, evidently keelmen, are not, to judge by their actions, at all favourably disposed towards the military. The background of the picture is familiar to all Tynesiders. To the right is the spire of All Saints' Church; towards the centre may be seen the lantern tower of St. Nicholas's; and the Moot



THE KEELMEN'S STRIKE, 1822.

Hall and Norman Keep are conspicuous objects to the left.

After a suspension of work for about ten weeks, the keelmen resumed their labours in the month of December, 1822. At periods they were very refractory; but by the vigilance of the authorities their turbulence was repressed, so that no great mischief occurred through the strike.

We are indebted to Mr. James Bacon, photographer, Northumberland Street, Newcastle, for permission to reproduce the drawing from a photograph of a painting belonging to the late Mr. William Hedley, of Beech Grove, Chester-le-Street.

State's Hall.

STOTE'S HALL, commonly called Stott's Hall, is a well-known mansion overlooking Jesmond Dene, Newcastle. In Richardson's "Local Historian's Table Book," there is an account of the death of Dorothy Windsor, widow, in January, 1757. This lady is stated to have been the only surviving daughter of Sir Richard Stote, of Jesmond, Knight, and relict of the Hon. Dixie Windsor. She died intestate in the 85th year of her age, when her valuable estates in Northumberland and Newcastle were claimed by Sir Robert Bewick, Knight, and John Craster, Esq., who entered into possession thereof as next of kin. Their right thereto was, however, contested by Stote Manby, who claimed the property as cousin and heir of the deceased. After considerable litigation, Manby obtained at the assizes held in Newcastle in 1781 a verdict in his favour in reference to the Newcastle property, while in regard to the Northumberland estates a compromise was effected. Bewick and Craster were allowed to retain the latter property after paying Manby £1,500 for law expenses, and granting a yearly rent charge of £300 out of the estate. Stote's Hall was afterwards purchased by Mr. John Shield, wholesale grocer, the author of "My Lord 'Size,'" and is now, I believe, the property of a descendant of that gentleman. There is a small woodcut in the Bewick style in existence, dated 1801, which represents Stote's Hall very slightly different from what it is at present.

JAS. H., Newcastle.

Alderman Cookson's Cross-Examination.

A LOCAL antiquary whom Newcastle holds in high esteem tells a story connected with an old trial in Newcastle which is not without interest. When Messrs. Doubleday and Easterby had their soap works in the Close, and Mr. Ald. Cookson had his town house in Han-

over Square, the latter complained much of the smoke and effluvia from the soapery. As his house was just at the top of Tuthill Stairs, overlooking the Close, the alderman must have been much annoyed at times. So he brought an action against the firm for permitting a nuisance, and the case was tried at the Assizes. After Mr. Cookson had given his evidence, he waited to be cross-examined. Counsel for the soap boilers, a smart young fellow belonging to one of the first families in the county, was on very friendly terms with the plaintiff, whom he cross-examined in the following free and easy fashion:—"Oh! Mr. Cookson, how d'ye do, sir?" "Quite well, sir, thank you." "And Mrs. Cookson?" "In good health, I'm happy to say." "And all the children, Mr. Cookson?" "Charming, thank you much." "That will do; you can go down, Mr. Cookson." And Mr. Cookson went down amid the merriment of the court. This singular cross-examination, as may be supposed, caused much comment at the time.

W., Newcastle.

Notes and Commentaries.

"JACKY-LEGS."

A word of frequent use, viz., "jacky-legs," simply means in the Weardale dialect the common clasp or shut-up knife which we carry day by day in our pockets. In the "Slang Dictionary" we meet with the following:—"Jockteleg: a shut-up knife. Corruption of Jacques de Liège, a famous cutler." The word jacky-legs appears to be another corrupted form of the name of this noted personage. "Swappin' jacky-legs unseen" was once, if not at present, a common speculative diversion among boys. The only condition required in this kind of barter or exchange was that each boy had to affirm that his knife would both open and shut. Knives kept for this purpose were not always Sheffield make, but were in many cases made of wood, paper, cardboard, &c. Wright's "Provincial Dictionary" has:—"Jack-a-legs: a name for a clasp knife. *North.*" We say, "A jacky-legs," "Twee jacky-legs," &c.

NATHAN M. EGGLESTONE, Weardale.

CAPTAIN COOK.

In the notice of Captain Cook given in the *Monthly Chronicle* for July, a mistake occurs regarding the place where Cook was apprenticed to a shopkeeper. There is not such a place as Smeaton, near Whitby; but there is a village called Sneaton three miles inland. "Cook was placed at the age of sixteen or seventeen with Mr. William Sanderson, shopkeeper in Staithes, a considerable fishing town some ten or twelve miles north-west of Whitby. Young Cook had been about a year and a half with Mr. Sanderson, when a circumstance occurred which caused him to leave his employer. One day a young woman gave

him a new shilling in payment for goods purchased. Struck with the beauty of the coin, he resolved to keep it as a pocket-piece, replacing it with one of his own. But his master had noticed the coin at the time, and, missing it from the till, hastily charged him with purloining it. This charge the lad indignantly repelled, explaining to his master the true reason of its disappearance. It is worthy of remark that the coin which so forcibly attracted his notice was what is called a South Sea shilling, of the coinage of George I., marked on the reverse S.S.C., for South Sea Company, as if the name of the piece had been intended to indicate the principal field of his future discoveries. The house and shop of Mr. Sanderson have long ago been swept away by the sea; but the counter behind which Cook served, with its till, may still be seen in the shop of Mr. Richard Hutton, in Staithes." I have seen and been behind the said counter fifty years ago.

JOHN VENTRESS, Newcastle.

My father, Captain William Carter, was a grand-nephew of the late Captain James Cook. Being connected with the sea, he was a great favourite with Mrs. Cook, who gave him several relics of the captain—viz., a coat and waistcoat which he had worn in his official capacity; two silver tablespoons, with his initials engraved on them, which had been twice round the world with him; his original coat of arms; a chart of the Gulf and River of St. Lawrence, which he had surveyed for the English Government; an old-fashioned tobacco box; an old engraving of himself; and some of the leaves out of his log-book.

ROBERT Y. CARTER, South Shields.

BYKER FOLLY.

Byker Church is built on the site of "Byker Folly." When Heaton Hall was erected, Sir Matthew White Ridley objected to the rather bare, bleak aspect, as seen from the windows of his mansion. The architect suggested these ruins, called "mock ruins" in Richardson's "Table Book," and they were dubbed "Byker Folly" ever after. I have often heard the expression "He leaves doon at the Folly"—i.e., just about where the church of St. Michael now stands.

W. W., Newcastle.

This old curiosity of the suburb of Byker has now disappeared. It was an ugly mass of stones piled up in the form of a ruined castle, on the hill-top beside the church of St. Michael, where the wind-mill used to stand. It was built to form an interesting object in the landscape as seen from Heaton Hall, and the builder may perhaps be praised for his humane intentions if he must be condemned for his want of taste, for it would not have been erected had it not been to give employment to starving people during some of the hard times of the last century.

S. B. N., Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE MINER AND THE ORATORY.

Two pitmen belonging to the same colliery, whom we will call Geordie and Bob, met one day in the Bigg Market, Newcastle. "Hello, there, Bob," shouts Geordie: "are ye gan te the Orytory?" "Wey, whaat's that, Geordie?" "Aa divvent knaa reetly, Bob, but a greet man they caall Messiah's gan te sing." "Wey, aa think aa'll not gan," says Bob. They met again a few days after. "What was the Orytory like, then, Geordie?" "Wey, when we gat in, Bob, an settin' doon a bit, some folks come oot up a heet, and one shoots 'Aa's the King o' Glory!' then up shoots another, an' says, 'Aa's the King o' Glory!' then, wiv that, oot shoots another yen, 'Aa's the King o' Glory!' Aa thowt thor was gan to be a row, se aa cam oot!"

A VALUABLE DOG.

A few years ago the owners of a certain colliery, not a hundred miles from Blyth, sent forth a decree that all employed under them must either cease to keep dogs or leave the pit. A few of the more independent spirits among the miners, however, treated the decree with silent contempt. The "gaffer," meeting one of the independents about a week afterwards, accosted him thus:—"Hello, Geordie, aa heor thoo hessent dyun away wi' thy dog yit." "Noa," said Geordie laconically. "Wey, thoo'll hetta." "Aa'll not, noo." "Wey, if thoo dissent, aa'll gi'e thoo notis." "Aa divvent care," responded Geordie, and then added, "Wey, man, aa've got a dog at hyem thit aa waddent tyek yor whole colliery for!"

THE HOT WEATHER.

"Noo, Tommy," said a Newcastle man to his friend one blazing hot Sunday in July, "hoo d'ye like the weathor?" "Weathor, be beggored!" was the reply: "aa wad just like te gan te sleep oworheed in wettor!"

LETTING THE LIGHT OUT.

A young man employed as engineer in Manchester came to Tyneside a short time ago on a visit to his friends, and went to see his old master, the village millwright. He was shown into the best parlour, which he found rather dark, having only one small window. Noticing a window in the room blocked up, he asked why they did not have that window opened out, to which his old master replied: "Wey, Dick, lad, thoo elwis wes a fond beggor. Does thoo not knaa that that waall's due north? A windor thor wad let the leet oot!"

OUR CELESTIAL VISITORS.

The other day a number of Chinese sailors were strolling along Grainger Street, and as they passed a couple of pitmen one of the latter remarked: "Ye beggor, Jack, thor's ne difference in 'em—ivory yen on 'em's alike—they're aall twins!"

ON TRAMP.

During the recent strike in the coal trade in Northumberland, many miners had to take to the road for bread. On one occasion a well-known miner, hailing from the district of Blyth, was passing through a village on the road from Newcastle. Being in want of something to eat, he sauntered up to a door and gave a gentle knock, which was soon answered by the servant of the house. "Wey, hinny," said he, "can ye giv us a drink o' wetter? Aa's that hungry aa divvent knaa whor aa'll lie the neet!"

PETITION AND PARTITION.

Not long ago, in a certain house at Sheriff Hill, a party of women were enjoying a gossip, when a thunderstorm came on. It was so terrific that they became alarmed, and one said to another, "Aye! aa say, Betty, let's send a petition up tiv the Lord." The person addressed looked vacantly at the speaker, and then replied, "Get out, thoo fyul, the thunner wad knock it doon!"

SCENE ON THE LEAZES.

On the Leazes the other day the following conversation took place between two little boys, while watching an artist sketching some cattle:—1st boy: "Aa say, Jack, luik! He's draaing a coo; isn't it clivvor?" 2nd boy: "Se he is; it is good." 1st boy (thoughtfully): "Noo, luik heor, Jack, aa'll bet he's larnin' te be an engineer!"

THE GOOSE STEP.

A coal miner was going along New Bridge Street towards the Blyth and Tyne Station the other day, leading a goose by a string fastened round its neck. The poor bird was not waddling fast enough to suit its owner, who said to it: "Get on, ye beggor, be sharp, or we'll loss the train!"

A PIT SHAFT.

In a Tyneside factory, two men were talking about a disused pit shaft, when one of them said to the other:—"It is a wonder that nobody hes myed a shot tower on't!"

DUPLICATE.

At a place not far distant from Prudhoe a pitman was buying some plants, and remarked that he wanted two of each kind. "I see," remarked the seller, "you want them in duplicate." "No," said the buyer, "aa wants 'em i' wet moss!"

THE THREE TAYLORS.

An old gentleman lately removed to a terrace where he had for immediate neighbours a minister, a doctor, and a funeral contractor—all named Taylor. Meeting a friend shortly after the sitting, he was greeted with: "Well, Mr. Matthews, how do you like your new place?" "Aa like it weel enough. It oney hes yen fault." "What is that, then?" "Thor's ower mony Taylors aboot." "Nonsense. There isn't a tailor within a mile." "Thor ye're mistyeken. Aa hev three Taylors for neighbours. Yen wants to get us off to heaven, another's keeping us back frae gannen thor and the tother plyace as weel,

an' the thord yen is ready in a jiffey to tyek us tiv either plyace, an' he dissent mind which!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 16th of June, Mr. George Stappard, well known throughout Northumberland as a cattle dealer and farmer, died at High House, Stagshaw Bank, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Mr. William Aubone Potter, manager, for many years, of the Cramlington Collieries, a justice of the peace for Northumberland, and a member of the River Tyne Commission, as representative of the coalowners, died on the 20th of June, at the age of 54 years.

On the 23rd of June were interred in Norham churchyard the remains of Mr. Andrew Mitchell, farmer, of Letham Shank, near Berwick, who had died at the age of 80 years. The deceased was originally a toll-keeper at Ford, but, by dint of industry, he raised himself to a position of considerable affluence.

At the age of 62, Mr. George Cummings, boot and shoemaker, Blyth, died at his residence, Waterloo, in that town, on the 23rd of June. He had been an overseer and a member of the Cowpen Local Board, and had also been connected with several educational and social movements in Blyth, of which he was a native.

Mr. Henry Suggitt, who for forty years had occupied a prominent position in public affairs at Hartlepool, died on the 25th of June, aged 65.

Mr. Ralph Hopper, for sixty-one years a freeman of the city of Durham, and for nine years Bishop's headman at the Cathedral, died on the 30th of June, in the eighty-second year of his age.

On the same day, at Middleton Hall, near Morpeth, died at the age of fifty-one, Mr. Robert Dixon Coull, who had taken a prominent part in the parochial work of the district, and was active and zealous in the management of Hartburn Schools.

Mrs. Stowell, widow of Mr. William Stowell, B.A., formerly minister of Ryton Congregational Church, and a member of the literary staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, died on the 30th of June, at the residence of her son, the Rev. A. K. Stowell, at Leeds, the deceased lady being in the sixtieth year of her age.

Early on the morning of the 2nd of July, Robert Watson Boyd, ex-champion sculler of England, died at his residence, the Shakespeare Hotel, Middlesbrough. Deceased, who was in his thirty-third year, was born in Westgate Road, Newcastle, and was the son of a wherry-boat owner. At the age of sixteen years he commenced his career as a sculler. After barely attaining his majority, he beat Higgins for the championship of England. On the 17th and 19th of March, 1877, he won, for the first time, the *Newcastle Chronicle* championship challenge cup, on the Tyne, beating in two heats William Lumsden, of Blyth, and William Nicholson, of Stockton. In 1882, however, he was beaten by Hanlan on the Tyne, and by Laycock, the Australian rower, on the Tees; and from that time he had not taken any active part in aquatics. The remains of the deceased were interred at Middlesbrough.

The Rev. Henry Wildey Wright, who from 1835 to 1875 was Vicar of St. John's, Newcastle, died on the 6th of July, at Trinity, near Edinburgh, in the 84th year of his age.

Dr. Andrew Bolton, who for many years was house surgeon at the Newcastle Infirmary, but who for the last fourteen or fifteen years had been in private practice, died at his residence, Heaton, Newcastle, on the 8th of July, at the age of 57.

Alderman John Williamson, of South Shields, died at his Italian residence, on the shores of Lake Como, on the 9th of July. The deceased gentleman, who was 62 years of age, was the son of Mr. J. C. Williamson, of Hull, and came to South Shields about the year 1841. During his residence in that town he warmly supported all institutions of a religious and benevolent character, and was thrice Mayor of the borough, viz., in 1858, 1859, and 1868. Mr. Williamson was one of the principal partners in the Jarrow Chemical Company and the Friars' Goose Chemical Works.

On the same day, at the age of eighty-five, Mr. Henry Stapylton, who was Judge of the Durham Circuit of County Courts from 1846 to 1873, died at his residence, Snipley Hall, near Durham. The deceased gentleman came of an old Yorkshire family, whose seat was at Myton, near Thirsk. The Stapyltons derived their surname from a village of the same name on the south side of the Tees.

Mr. Jabez Cowburn, who for thirty-five years had been employed on the North-Eastern Railway at Ferryhill, and was nearly the oldest employee at that station, died, at the age of 66, on the 13th July.

Mr. Henry Wilson, who for upwards fifty years had been connected with the Primitive Methodist body at Hetton-le-Hole, died on the 13th of July, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Mr. James Wallace, a well-known and highly respected builder in Newcastle, died on the 14th of July, at the age of eighty-three.

out at the Clavering Place printing works, Newcastle, belonging to Messrs. R. Robinson and Co., the printers of the official publications connected with the Exhibition in that city. Despite the efforts of the City and North-Eastern Railway Fire-Brigades, the building was entirely gutted. The damage, estimated at £25,000, was covered by insurance.

—Mr. W. Mawer, F.G.S., explained, to a meeting in Newcastle, the principles of a new miners' safety lamp invented by Mr. Morgan, Pontypridd, and for which it was claimed that it could not be exploded under any conditions that had ever been known to occur in the mines of Great Britain.

—A new Town Hall, designed by Mr. Frank Emley, erected by a company with a capital of £2,000, and capable of accommodating 500 persons, was opened at Corbridge.

—The seventh annual demonstration of the Weardale Quarrymen's Association, which is affiliated to the Cleveland Miners' Association, was held in the open air, near the Schools, Stanhope, the chair being occupied by Mr. Joseph Toyn.

19.—The Rev. David Robb, Congregational minister, Gateshead, and a member of the School Board in that town, announced his acceptance of a call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Leith.

—A new mission church, dedicated to St. Stephen, was opened at Seaton Delaval.

20.—It was announced that the Queen, among other honours bestowed on the occasion of her Jubilee, had conferred the dignity of a peerage upon Sir William George Armstrong, the celebrated engineer and inventor. On the same occasion her Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Benjamin Chapman Browne, Mayor of Newcastle; while Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, M.P., was made a Knight Commander of the Military Division of the Bath.

—George Ellison, on a charge of embezzling certain moneys belonging to the Mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of Gateshead, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

21.—As in the metropolis and generally throughout the kingdom, the Jubilee of the reign of her Majesty Queen Victoria was observed in the North of England. The principal feature of the celebration in Newcastle was a thanksgiving service in St. Nicholas's Cathedral. It was attended by the Deputy-Mayor (Alderman Wilson) and the Deputy-Sheriff (Mr. T. Bell); the Mayor and Sheriff being present at the ceremony in London. The service was similar to that carried out at Westminster, and the sermon was preached by the vicar, the Rev. Canon Lloyd. Treats to children and the aged poor were given in several districts of the city; and, in compliance with a proclamation issued by the Mayor, the day was observed as a general holiday. At a late hour in the evening, beacon fires were kindled on all the principal eminences in the surrounding district; among the points thus lighted up being Sheriff Hill, Boldon, Penshaw, Cleadon, Hebburn, Prospect Hill at Corbridge, Earsdon, Winlaton, Ryton, Simonside at Rothbury, Brislée Hill at Alnwick, and Crossfell at Alston. At North Shields the aged poor and children were entertained, there was a procession of school children, and the foundation stone of the Tyne-mouth Jubilee Infirmary was laid by the ex-Mayor (Mr. Tate), after which there was a dinner. At Sunderland, nearly 22,000 school children were served with tea and

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JUNE.

16.—Mr. Charles Wood, aged 21, scenic artist at the Tyne Theatre, was drowned at Elswick while bathing from a boat in the river Tyne with a companion.

—The foundation stone of Jesmond Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, was laid by Mr. George Duncan, of London.

17.—A motion by Mr. J. Barker Ellis, in the Newcastle City Council, to rescind a previous motion increasing the taxation by 4d. in the £, and to make the additional assessment 2d., was lost by a majority of seven.

—Excessively hot weather was experienced to-day, the thermometer at Hexham having reached 88 degrees in the shade and 102 in the sun.

—The magistrates of Newcastle refused to grant an extension of licensing hours for the 21st inst., the day set apart for the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee.

—Mr. C. C. Hodges, architect, and Mr. J. P. Gibson, photographer, had, to-day, conveyed to Hexham Abbey a Roman altar which had been found in the Tyne about a mile from that town, and along with it they also sent a coping stone of an ancient Roman wall.

18.—About half-past ten o'clock to-night, a fire broke

presented with commemorative medals, given by the Mayor, Mr. Edwin Richardson. One thousand poor people were presented with tickets for supplies of groceries, and the inmates of the Workhouse and Infirmary had a special entertainment. The joyful occasion was characterised by similar festivities in other neighbouring towns and villages. The weather everywhere was delightful. While assisting in the rejoicings at Redcar, a gunner in the local volunteer corps, named John Thomas Smith, was, unfortunately, killed by the explosion of a gun; and a workman, named Richard Wake, had one of his hands blown off at Bamborough Castle.

—The degree of D.D. was conferred on the Rev. Canon Lloyd, vicar of Newcastle, and that of D.C.L. upon, among others, Sir B. C. Browne, Mayor of Newcastle, by Durham University.

22.—A ratepayers' association was formed for the Elswick District of Newcastle. Mr. James M'Kendrick being elected president.

23.—It was announced that her Majesty had been pleased to sanction the adoption of the prefix "Royal" in the case of the Infirmary at Newcastle.

—Mr. J. R. Roberts, solicitor, Halifax, was appointed clerk to the Newcastle magistrates, at a salary of £700 per annum.

25.—Volunteer camps were formed at Gibside Park Whitburn, Whitley, and Newbiggin Moor.

—An appearance, closely allied in character to the mirage, was observed from the Hartlepool Heugh.

27.—It was reported that Mr. Patterson, Victoria House, Low Fell, had perfected a new safety lamp for miners' use.

—The Mayor of Newcastle (Sir B. C. Browne), accompanied by the Town Clerk (Mr. Hill Motum), attended at Windsor Castle, with the representatives of other municipal bodies, and in person presented an address of congratulation on the attainment of her Jubilee to the Queen from the Corporation of Newcastle.

—Patrick Quin (46), a publican in the Side, died in the Newcastle Infirmary from injuries inflicted by himself upon his throat.

29.—The Northumberland Plate at Newcastle Races, run at Gosforth, was won by Mr. W. Blake's Exmoor.

—A live adder, 18 inches long, was caught in Back Fawcett Street, Sunderland.

—On this and the following day, the sixth annual Temperance Festival was held on the Town Moor, Newcastle, and the proceedings were in every way successful.

—A white marble bust of William Wouldhave, the reputed inventor of the lifeboat, was placed in the museum connected with the South Shields Public Library. The bust was recovered in London through a notice published by Robin Goodfellow in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

—The putter boys at Ashington Colliery, to the number of 110, came out on strike for an advance of wages. They returned to work on the 4th of July, on terms previously offered by the masters.

30.—The sliding scale between the Cleveland miners and their masters terminated to-day.

—An enjoyable two days' visitation to ancient edifices in Northumberland (including Alnwick Castle and Hulne Abbey) was brought to a close by the members of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries and their friends.

—The Queen's Jubilee was celebrated at Gateshead by a series of festivities in Saltwell Park.

JULY.

1.—The new railway station at Darlington was fully brought into use, and the new branch of railway from Darlington to Fighting Cocks was utilised for passenger traffic.

2.—Much damage was done by a fire which broke out in the premises occupied by Mr. John Mullen, mattress and cabinet maker, Fox and Lamb Yard, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle.

—Mr. Gladstone was entertained at dinner by Sir Joseph Pease, M.P., in London, to meet the Liberal members of the House of Commons for Northumberland and Durham.

—An order was made by the Judge of the Sunderland County Court for the winding up of the ten Universal Building Societies established by the late Alderman Wayman, of that town.

3.—A boy, seven years of age, was very severely injured by two bull-dogs at Jarrow; and the animals which were with difficulty driven off, were subsequently drowned.

—After a drought extending over about a month, rain fell in Newcastle and other parts of the North of England.

4.—The new chapel of the Good Shepherd, in Park Road, Jarrow, was dedicated by the Bishop of Durham.

—A man named Alexander Emery committed suicide by hanging himself on a tree in Preston Cemetery, North Shields.

—A new recreation ground, situated near the Portrack district, and a little over eight acres in extent, was opened by the Mayor of Stockton.

5.—The elevation of Sir William Armstrong to the peerage, under the title of Baron Armstrong of Craigside, in the county of Northumberland, was officially notified



LORD ARMSTRONG'S BIRTHPLACE.

in the *London Gazette*. The birthplace of the new peer is shown in the accompanying sketch. It is one of the old

red brick houses of Pleasant Row, Shieldfield, Newcastle—No. 9, formerly No. 6. At one time these dwellings had considerable pretensions, but some are now converted into tenements. It was in this plain, old-fashioned house that the inventive genius of the founder of Elswick was born, and it is amidst the pleasures of Cragside that his lordship now wears his well-won honours.

6.—The Gateshead Town Council rescinded the resolution, which had been previously adopted, providing for the adoption of the open grave system.

7.—A meeting of the ratepayers of Newcastle, called by the Mayor in response to a requisition, was held in the Town Hall. The meeting was held to consider the recent increase in the rates.

8.—The annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society was opened on a large space of ground set apart for the purpose on the Town Moor, Newcastle. For the first time since the commencement of the society, two days were devoted to the inspection of implements, of which there were 283 stands, containing 3,616 articles. The exhibition of live-stock commenced on the 11th, the

field, 12½ acres in extent, being the gift of the owners of Ashington Colliery.

10.—It was announced in the *Court Circular* that the Queen had been pleased to confer the dignity of a peerage on Earl Percy.

11.—Accompanied by his two sons, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, the Prince of Wales arrived at the Central Station, Newcastle, at six o'clock to-night. He was presented with an address from the Corporation, and afterwards proceeded to Plessey, thence driving to Blagdon Hall, the seat of Sir Matthew White Ridley, M.P., whose guests during their stay in the North the royal party were. On his way by carriage, on the following morning, to the show of the Royal Agricultural Society on the Town Moor, the Prince of Wales made a short stoppage at Gosforth, and was presented by the Local Board of that place with a loyal address. The visit to the show-ground completed, the party returned to Blagdon, and next day (13th) a minute inspection was made of the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, with which much satisfaction was expressed. Proceeding thence, the Prince and his sons drove



BLAGDON HALL, NORTHUMBERLAND.

total number of animals entered being 1,833. The attendance on Thursday, the 14th, the first shilling day, was 77,889, exclusive of holders of season tickets—the largest number that ever visited the grounds on a single day in the whole history of the society. The show remained open till the 15th, the total number of visitors having been 126,133.

—The annual conference of the Northern Counties Liberal Unionists' Association was held at Newcastle, Lord Northbrook, among others, taking part in the proceedings. There was a banquet in the evening, at which Earl Cowper and Lord Armstrong were among the speakers.

9.—A recreation ground was opened at Ashington, the

through gaily decorated and crowded streets to the Assembly Rooms, in Westgate Road, where a luncheon was given by the Mayor and Corporation. The only toast proposed was that of "Her Majesty the Queen," which was given by the Mayor (Sir B. C. Browne), and was heartily honoured. The Royal visitors shortly afterwards left for the works of Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick, a complete survey of which was also made, under the personal attendance of Lord Armstrong. The party returned by the same route to Blagdon in the evening. On the morning of the 14th, the Princes paid a second visit to the Royal Show. They drove direct from the ground to the Central Station, and shortly after two o'clock left Newcastle, amid enthusiastic farewell cheers, for the South. The

Royal visitors planted each a memorial tree at Blagdon during their stay at that mansion.

12.—One of the most interesting and successful dog shows ever held in the district was opened to-day in the Haymarket, Newcastle, and continued open the two following days.

—A sailor, named Alexander Adams, 29 years of age, passed through Newcastle on stilts from Dundee, *en route* for London.

General Occurrences.

16.—During the performance of a sensational drama in the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, a man was so carried away by the piece that he jumped from the gallery to the stage. He was seriously injured, one of his legs being broken.

18.—The committee stage of the Coercion Bill in the House of Commons was concluded by the application of the closure. The Irish members signalled the event by walking out of the House. After the Gladstonian Liberals had voted in the division lobby, they also left the House.

21.—The Jubilee of the Queen was celebrated by a state pageant in London of unusual magnificence. For months preparations had been proceeding in Westminster Abbey for the thanksgiving ceremony. About eleven a.m. the first of two processions left Buckingham Palace for the Abbey, including, amongst others, the Kings of Denmark, Greece, Belgium, and Saxony; the Crown Princes of Austria, Portugal, Sweden, and Greece; the Queen of the Belgians and the Duke d'Aosta (brother of the King of Italy and former King of Spain). The second procession followed half an hour later. It was a pageant of rare grace and beauty. First came the generals, decked with their medals and honours, followed by the carriages conveying the princesses, daughters and granddaughters of the Queen. Then came her Majesty in a state carriage, drawn by six horses with imperial trappings. Opposite to the Queen, on the left, sat the Princess of Wales, while the Crown Princess of Germany sat next to the Queen on the right. Amongst those in the Queen's cortege were her Majesty's sons, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh; her sons-in-law, the Crown Prince of Germany, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Marquis of Lorne; and nine of the Queen's grandsons and grandsons-in-law, as well as the Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, and ten of her Majesty's granddaughters and granddaughters-in-law. The procession, headed by an escort of Indian cavalry, proceeded to Westminster Abbey, through the principal streets of London, which were profusely decorated. Her Majesty's reception was most enthusiastic. A special thanksgiving service was performed at the Abbey, which presented a most brilliant appearance. The procession returned to Buckingham Palace by another route. At night the West End of London was ablaze with illuminations. A feature of the

Jubilee celebrations was the beacon fires, which, commencing from the Malvern Hills, were repeated on all the principal mountains and heights in Great Britain.

22.—A Jubilee *fête* was held in Hyde Park, when 30,000 children from the London Board and other elementary schools attended. The proceedings were under the control of a committee, headed by the Prince of Wales as chairman, and Mr. Edward Lawson, proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and originator of the *fête*, as secretary. The hearts of the little ones were gladdened by a sight of the Queen, who passed through Hyde Park on her way to Paddington Station, *en route* for Windsor.

23.—A review and sham fight was held at Aldershot, when the Prince of Wales and nearly all the Royal personages who attended the Jubilee celebration of the Queen were present. The troops under arms numbered 11,828.

30.—The captain and four men of the ship *Lady Douglas* were sentenced to death at the Old Bailey, London, for the murder of a Malay seaman at sea. The unfortunate man had refused to work, and, having assumed a threatening attitude with a knife, he was shot by the captain, who alleged that the deed was necessary for the safety of the crew. The prisoners were afterwards reprieved, and the sentence commuted to certain terms of imprisonment.

JULY.

2.—The Queen reviewed 28,000 volunteers at Buckingham Palace.

4.—Her Majesty laid the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute, in South Kensington, London. The edifice is intended to be a permanent memorial of her reign and the symbol of the extent of her sovereignty. The object of the building is to promote the commercial and industrial prosperity of all parts of the empire, to provide scientific and technical education which the requirements of modern industry render necessary, and to conduce towards the welding of the Colonies, India, and the mother country into one harmonious and united community.

4.—An imposing ceremony was witnessed at the Albert Hall, London, in connection with the prizes given by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for essays by children on man's duty in relation to animals. The number of prize-winners numbered 800 juveniles, and her Majesty attended and formally presented the prizes to the happy recipients.

5.—A remarkable incident took place in the House of Commons. Mr. Atherley Jones called the attention of the Home Secretary to the case of Elizabeth Cass, originally belonging to Stockton, who had been arrested in Regent Street, London, under the supposition that she was a woman of ill-fame. Mr. Jones requested that an inquiry might be made into the circumstances. This was refused, and, on a motion for adjournment of the House, the Government was defeated by a majority of 5 votes. An inquiry was subsequently agreed to.

7.—The Bulgarian Sobranje elected Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg as Prince of Bulgaria.

10.—The Queen reviewed 60,000 troops, consisting of regulars and volunteers, at Aldershot.